

DOWN

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DOWN

by [yourwishlist](#)

Summary

George isn't particularly used to the fluttery feeling of butterflies in his stomach.

He certainly isn't used to the swarm that seems to come alive whenever there's the slightest mention of a certain Ferrari 488 driver.

"You'd have great fun in the passenger seat of my car."

"I don't take rides from strangers." his tone is subtle, voice low, loving the way Dream seems to hang onto his every word. Dream leans a little closer, his hands reaching for one of the necklaces hanging around his neck. "What makes us strangers, George?"

The sound of his own name rolling off of Dream's tongue leaves a flurry of butterflies in George's stomach, but he tries his best to appear unaffected. "Perhaps it's the fact that I don't know who you are, Dream."

Notes

[Русский перевод](#)

captivating.

Chapter Summary

There's a new racer in town, and George is intrigued.

Chapter Notes

hello !! welcome !!! this is my first ever dreamnotfound fic and i'd like to thank you for stopping by, though i don't know how many people will actually find this but :) i'm excited to get started nonetheless !

also,, the title and vibe of this entire fic is based on down by blackbear, so give it a listen if you can, it'll really help set the tone,, there's also a playlist in the works for the fic and i'll add it in somewhere when it's complete

here's a thread of [the cars](#)

[a playlist :\)](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rubber burns, engines rev, the distant city laying dormant, the night hitting at full force. This is exactly where George belongs, leaning up against his car, his body unflinching even as the two racers speed directly past him.

He adores everything about the scene before him, grinning at the way his hard work has clearly paid off, watching as the black Toyota Supra takes the lead. A subtle buzz on his wrist catches his attention, indicating a call. His grin only grows wider at the sight, using the touchscreen to answer.

“You fucking did it, baby!”

“What? You didn’t think I could?” George says, letting out a playful snarl as Sapnap’s concentrated face appears, hovering just above his wrist. He was far out of sight by now, having sped off down the freeway, the only thing remaining being the stench of burnt tires.

Cars are a thing of beauty. Especially cars that George is allowed to get his hands on. He adores their sleek shape and elegant curves, loves the way their paint glistens in the sun, but his favourite thing is how they’re engineered to fit their driver perfectly. George is known for his handiwork on cars. He’s often the only person many trust with their precious babies, coming only to him for touch-ups and modifications.

One of these said people is Techno, the proud owner of a golden Lamborghini Huracan. Said car comes into view, the purr of its engine loud as it makes its way towards George, slowing down to park beside him.

“Is that Techno?” Sapnap asks.

George startles at the sound of his voice, having forgotten that he was still on call to him.

“Yeah,” he replies, “You should turn back around, I think we’ve got everyone now.”

Sapnap sends a half-hearted salute, his hologram disappearing out of sight with a quiet sound, the watch on George’s wrist buzzing once again. Techno climbs out of his car in one smooth motion, simply pressing a button on his keys to shut the doors behind him. George finds himself scowling.

“I still find it offensive that you choose to *race* in a Lambo.”

Techno lets out a quiet laugh, shrugging his shoulders, “At least I know that if anything were to happen, I could go straight to you to get her repaired.”

“I would genuinely murder you if you were careless enough to crash her.” George sneered.

Techno raises an eyebrow and lets his gaze wander over to George’s own car, it’s gleaming blue coat reflecting the starry sky above. “It’s not like your car isn’t worth nearly the same amount as mine.” he comments, his eyes still roaming the vehicle.

“I’m not a racer, Techno.” he laughs, “And you know how careful I am when it comes to my car.”

George knows that his car isn’t exactly on the budget end, but his Aston Martin Vantage is truly his pride and joy. It’s iconic among those in the California racing scene, it’s blue coat eye-catching and its modifications something to be gawked at. People would always look out for it at races, instantly knowing that they had harsh competition if George and the cars he had engineered were around.

The growl of Sapnap’s engine comes rumbling in the distance, followed closely by Karl, a bright kid, new to the racing life, but eager to learn and improve.

Sapnap jumps out of his car in an instant, stumbling toward George, clearly still high on adrenaline. “That was so fucking cool!” he yells, too loud considering his close proximity, and curls his arms around George’s waist, picking him up and spinning him around.

George lets out a surprised yelp, hitting Sapnap’s shoulder in an effort to get the man to put him back down. Laughter fills the space as the rest of the guys crowd around, coming over from their respective vehicles to where George and Techno had been standing together.

“Anyways,” Sapnap says, finally giving in to George, “I haven’t seen you all in forever! How’s it going?” he goes to lean back on George’s car, only to be sternly pulled away.

“You dare lay a finger on her, I will pull you apart limb by limb.” George snarls.

It’s an empty threat, but Sapnap steps away nonetheless, reaching over to push George’s goggles down from the top of his head. The group of them continue their conversation, jokes coming out naturally as they get back into the flow of being together as one big group again. The only person staying suspiciously quiet is Techno, glancing down at his watch every few moments and then gazing off somewhere far ahead.

George sends a quizzical look his way, only to be brushed off with a small shake of the head.

Everything quickly pieces itself together as a car comes speeding down the freeway. And not just any car, a *Ferrari 488*.

George feels his jaw drop, his eyes locking onto the vehicle as it comes to a slow stop beside them

all. "There's no way..." he hears Sapnap mumble, barely realising Techno's presence disappear from beside him.

Everyone stands there in awe for a while, never having seen a car like that in person. George's mind in particular is buzzing, his hands growing antsy with the need to ask the driver all about it, curious about everything and anything to do with the magnificent machine parked in front of him.

The driver's side door opens smoothly, a tall man climbing out, someone no one seems to recognise. His clothes are well fitted and clearly expensive, black skin-tight jeans with chunky boots, a black jacket layered over a grey sweater, accessorised with all kinds of chains, rings, and straps, something akin to a harness around his upper chest. Yet his face is completely concealed.

The man has an opaque white hologram with an eerie smile covering his features, keeping him fully hidden, no matter what angle you look at him from. George lets his eyes graze the man's figure, intrigued by the way his hands grip at his keys and the way his dirty blonde hair falls in gentle waves on the top of his head.

He's overall intriguing, and George has the urge to know more.

"This is Dream."

George repeats the name in his head a couple of times, letting it wash over him as Techno continues to speak.

"We met down in Florida a little while back," he says "but he moved up here recently. I thought you guys might like to meet him."

Everyone goes around introducing themselves, each with a complement on Dream's car, which he takes humbly, saying some quiet words of thanks each time. George doesn't introduce himself, simply going up to the car and circling it while Dream is distracted, an animated Sapnap and Karl keeping him more than occupied.

"I can already see it in your eyes."

George looks up to find Techno watching over him, "You want to get to know how this thing works so badly."

George shoots him a grin, "You know it." he says, resisting the urge to run his hand along the car, knowing how angry he'd be if it were a stranger touching his own. His eyes make their way down to the number plate, a custom from Florida, reading *Dream* in bold.

"He's pretty careless with it, you know." Techno adds, shifting his weight to his right leg, "Races, drifts, speeds. I don't even think it's modified."

A shiver runs down George's spine, the thought of a completely unmodified car of this calibre sending excitement coursing through his veins, the need to take it apart and understand its innermost functions leaving his tummy fluttering.

Techno looks as though he's about to say something more, but a voice from behind them catches their attention.

"Whose is the Vantage?"

George turns to find Dream standing by his car, the man's eyes tracing the curves of the vehicle. "It's mine." he calls out, catching Dream's attention.

Although George cannot see it, he can feel the smile that grows on the taller man's face as he makes his way toward them.

"You must be George." he says, holding his hand out for George to take.

"I am." he replies, returning the gesture, ignoring the strong grip Dream has, most likely from years on the road.

Dream takes a moment to fully look at George's face, his movements slow and languid. "So you're the mastermind behind the best cars on this side of the block?"

"So you've heard of me." his reply is curt yet somewhat cocky, a smile is playing on his lips.

Dream lets out a breathy laugh, shifting his gaze over to his own car, placing a hand on the side-view mirror. George follows the movement with his eyes, letting them linger there until Dream speaks up again.

"Of course." he says "You're known pretty much everywhere. You're the one who did up Techno's Lambo, right?"

George hums, nodding his head, ignoring the way all of his friends had gotten dubiously quiet, most likely listening in on their conversation. "You did a good job." Dream continues, seemingly unaware of the strange atmosphere.

"I know I did." George chuckles, "I do well on every car I work on."

"Well, I'll have to see that for myself before I believe it, won't I."

George raises a single eyebrow up at him, accepting Dream's little challenge.

"Maybe you will..."

...

The first time George gets to see Dream officially race is only about a week after their initial meeting.

The real races are actually held at a legal (surprisingly) race track, though admittedly, the betting taking place there is anything *but* legal. Like most people nowadays, George has a legal payment chip embedded in the back of his right hand, however, he also has a slightly *less* legal payment chip in his left.

Though George doesn't use it too often anymore, never having been a fan of betting on his friends. It was useful back when he made money in more sketchy ways...

He scowrs the car park, eyes drifting from vehicle to vehicle, already familiar with who they each belong to.

There's Wilbur in his black Tesla Model S, a pretty car for a pretty boy. George recalls being fully against the idea of it being used as a race car at first, but after some tweaking and test drives, he's confident in Wilbur's ability to place highly. Skeppy had arrived in his Audi R8, the custom paintjob George had finished on it recently looking gorgeous under the streetlamps. There were a few newcomers too, cars George didn't recognise, but that brought him back to his early days on the roads, eager yet naive.

“Anyone you got your eye on tonight?” Karl asks, sidling up next to George.

George smiles at him, noticing the sparkles of excitement in his eyes. It’s one of Karl’s first official races, and a pretty big one at that, against a driver George is somewhat familiar with - he’s sure the guy had asked him to do some mods on his car at one point or another.

“You, of course.” he chuckles, bumping his shoulder against Karl’s with a playful grin. Karl instantly melts, laughter spilling from his lips.

An unfamiliar presence creeps up behind them, looming yet not unwelcome.

“Are you two racing tonight?” It’s Dream, his voice gravelly as he looks between the two men, eyes eventually settling on George.

“Karl is.” George says, holding what he assumes is eye-contact “It’s a big race for him. He’s gonna do great.”

Dream nods his head, turning to Karl with a shrug of his shoulders, “I haven’t seen you race before, but I wish you the best of luck. I’m sure you’ll do great out there.”

Karl smiles once more, whispering a few words of thanks before walking off to find Sapnap, antsy to get prepared for his race.

Dream and George remain in silence for a moment as they watch Karl wander off, George giving him a little wave and a smile as he makes his way towards where their other friend presumably is. Karl’s going to do well tonight. George believes in him.

“And you, George?” Dream speaks up, facing him once again, his presence strangely demanding, “Are you racing tonight?”

George lets out a low chuckle, shaking his head gently, “I’m not a racer. Not anymore.”

Tilting his head slightly to one side, Dream glances back at George’s car, “Really? I thought you would’ve.”

Something about the atmosphere is leaving a strange feeling in the pit of George’s stomach, he feels like he should be uncomfortable, yet it’s so thrilling. He can’t quite place his finger on what it is though.

“I’m more useful down at the pitstop rather than on the race track,” he finds himself absentmindedly leaning closer to the taller man “but that doesn’t mean my car’s not built for it.”

If George could see Dream’s face, he guesses he’d be raising his eyebrows right now, a cocky smirk on his lips, yet all he sees is the blank smile of the hologram staring back at him.

“We’ll test that sometime.” Dream’s looks back towards George’s car for the umpteenth time that night, “I’m racing tonight though.”

The butterflies in George’s stomach erupt.

“Watch me.”

He places his pointer finger just under George’s chin, taking a moment to admire the man’s features before sliding it away, leaving burns on George’s skin. He stands there for barely a moment longer before walking away, disappearing into the crowd.

George remains shell-shocked, standing dead still, his feet rooted to the ground.

That man is *aggravatingly* hot.

...

Karl wins his race, just as George had expected. He leaps out of his car in an instant and rushes over to them all, the brightest smile George has ever seen dancing on his face. It's a heart-warming sight, Karl's cheeks still rosy with adrenaline as George opens his arms for a hug, squeezing him tightly.

He had originally planned on leaving right after Karl finished, but Dream hadn't raced yet, and he wasn't about to break a promise.

He waves his friends goodbye, claiming he's just going to talk to someone quickly and would be heading home soon, but instead he makes his way over to Techno, who's still standing in the driver's area, clearly anticipating something.

"Are you waiting for Dream's race?" he asks, pushing his goggles back onto the top of his head, glancing up at Techno's stone-faced expression. He nods, barely looking over at George before redirecting his attention back to the track.

"Just a few more races and he'll be up," he says "are you sticking around to watch?"

"He asked me to."

Techno hums, almost knowingly. It's unnerving, George thinks, how Techno always seems to act like he knows something, though more often than not, he really doesn't, but the feeling still sticks with him, rooting itself deep in the back of his throat.

They stand there in a heavy silence for a few long minutes, George growing slightly more uncomfortable as each moment passes. "You seem worried." he says, "You don't think that he'll do well?"

"I'm not worried about Dream's ability to win whatsoever," Techno scoffs, the first real smile of the night appearing on his lips "I'm worried about the guy he's racing against. He's known for getting rather... Angry when he loses."

George furrows his brow, pulling his puffer jacket tighter around his chest, hiding his nose in the fabric. The two of them continue standing there in silence until the announcement of Dream's race.

The two cars that make their way to the start-line already make it rather clear as to who has the advantage, however, George knows from years on the road, that racing is all about the skill. It doesn't matter how nice of a car you have, if you're simply a bad driver, you won't be winning.

The competitor's car is surrounded by what George assumes is his group of friends, cheering and hollering loudly as the driver repetitively honks his horn, shouting out the window. It's almost amusing, seeing the stark contrast between the two racer's attitudes. Dream is completely silent, not even visible behind the tinted glass, showing no interest whatsoever, his silent confidence drawing George in.

The hologram above the start line starts its countdown.

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

And they're off.

Dream takes an instant lead, his car already giving him an advantage, but the other driver puts up a real fight. He's good, but apparently not good enough to be a threat. Dream takes the first turn with ease, the angle perfect, something the second car misses by just an inch, losing control for a moment.

George lets out a little puff of air through his nose, the corners of his lips twitching into a smile. He keeps his eyes locked on Dream's car, his heartbeat erratic as he watches the vehicle move.

He's far ahead by now, finishing the drag section of the course without a second thought, then pulling the car into an admirable drift. George's heart aches for his tires, hands already itching to find replacements, knowing very well the state of the track. He speeds up again for the last few meters, passing through the finish line effortlessly.

"Yes." George lets out a breath, continuing to watch as Dream comes to a stop. He realises that Techno is no longer by his side, probably having disappeared to congratulate Dream.

In the moment George had been distracted, the other driver had finished the race, climbing out of his car in an instant, profanities falling from his lips, his body language aggressive.

Dream gets out of his car, perfectly calm, visibly towering over his competitor, a certain sense of cocky confidence radiating from his being. George can't hear much of their conversation, he's too far away, yet he still tries to at least catch some snippets.

"You piece of shit! --"

"--only won because of your car!"

"Arrogant asshole!"

Dream stays completely calm during the entire altercation, running his hand through his hair and swinging his keys on his forefinger, clearly indifferent.

"Fucking listen to me!" the man finally snaps, reaching to snatch the keys from Dream's hands. The movement is fast, but Dream is faster. He closes his hand around them, swiping the man's arm away.

"It's about the skill, my darling, it just seems you weren't good enough."

The man lets out a growl, something akin to an angry dog, and George has to hold back a laugh. The sound must have caught Dream's attention, as his head suddenly flickers in George's direction, eliciting a shiver from the shorter man, a feeling he can't describe.

George barely holds his gaze for a moment before turning around and making his way back to his car.

...

You didn't go home, did you?

George is sitting in his car rereading the same six words Sapnap had sent him over and over again. He doesn't know why he'd lied, something about their little agreement just felt so *intimate* ... It would've felt wrong to expose it, even if it wasn't anything technically private.

No . He texts.

He watches Sapnap's face appear above the air conditioning vents, visibly frustrated, yet he can't bring himself to pick up. The call rings for a few more seconds before Sapnap hangs up, understanding that George isn't willing to talk at the moment.

He stares at where Sapnap's face had been reflected just moments ago, licking his lips and letting out a sigh, suppressing the urge to slam his head into the steering wheel.

A quiet tap on the window catches his attention, pulling him out of his little pity party. With the press of a button, the car window slides open, revealing both Dream and his car parked directly next to George. He drapes himself out of the gap, resting his head on his arms, letting all his prior emotions drift away in the breeze.

Dream lets out a quiet laugh, leaning against his Ferrari, the sleeves of his black hoodie rolled up to his elbows, a little thing George had never found all that attractive until just now.

"How'd I do?" he asks, though his tone shows that he already knows the answer.

George smiles up at him through his lashes, "Very well." he pushes himself up into a more comfortable position, "You're a good driver."

Dream keens at the praise, taking a step towards George, "You'd have great fun in the passenger seat of my car."

"I don't take rides from strangers." his tone is subtle, voice low, loving the way Dream seems to hang onto his every word. Dream leans a little closer, his hands reaching for one of the necklaces hanging around his neck. "What makes us strangers, George?"

The sound of his own name rolling off of Dream's tongue leaves a flurry of butterflies in George's stomach, but he tries his best to appear unaffected. "Perhaps it's the fact that I don't know who you are, Dream."

A hand finds itself holding George's jaw, its grip secure, yet surprisingly gentle. George feels the heat rush to his cheeks, his eyes growing wide for a moment as he feels Dream's nose press against his neck.

"I think I know a good way of combating that first obstacle." he pulls back just far enough so George can see him properly, and presses the little button on his necklace, the white hologram that once covered his face vanishing.

George lets out an involuntary gasp, his lips parting as he takes in every inch of Dream's face.

He's mesmerised.

Though it all ends just as quickly as it had started, the white hologram appears once again as Dream pulls away, a low chuckle falling from his lips.

"That's a good start," he teases, stepping back towards his car, "don't you think?"

George remains silent, still completely shell shocked.

Dream doesn't even turn his head to open his car door, still watching George, as though he can't bring himself to look away.

He tilts his head playfully one last time before saying “I’ll see you around, gorgeous.” and climbing into the driver's side, speeding off in an instant.

George is left stupefied and blushing.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading !! i doubt all that many people will find this, but my twitter is @/yourwishlistt if you want to interact with me, i'd love to hear your thoughts

tw: [yourwishlistt](#)

butterflies.

Chapter Summary

Breath heavy and cheeks red, George finds himself struggling to keep his composure.

Chapter Notes

chapter 2 !!!!! i am beyond thankful for all of the lovely comments on the first chapter, they truly had me grinning at my screen like a manic,, but anyways !! i truly hope this one lives up to all of those expectations

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Nothing internal seems to be damaged,” George says, gently pushing the hood of the car back down, “just a small dent, is all. I can get that fixed for you in a matter of minutes.”

George’s garage, more commonly known as The Outlet by customers, is truly his little safe place. He would happily argue that it’s probably more sanitary than some of the hospitals in the area, definitely better organised, and while he’s aware that he charges quite the pretty penny for his services, he still prides himself on the fact that the cars he’s working on always get treated with the utmost care and precision.

“You sure that’s all?” Skeppy - a good friend of George’s and the owner of the grey Audi R8 parked in George’s repair shop - asks, clearly still worried. George sends him a gentle smile, assuring him that there is nothing to be worried about.

“I’ll fix it up now for you,” he says, “and I can teach you how to do it yourself? As much as I appreciate the payment, things like this happen often and it’ll save you the hassle of driving all the way over here.”

Skeppy stays quiet as George heads over to the storage units where he keeps his tools, running his fingers along the rows until he finds the right draw. He finds what he’s looking for quickly, returning to the car with a small dent puller in hand.

“It’s okay,” Skeppy says, watching anxiously as George quickly smoothes out the metal, “I prefer knowing that I can come to you and get it solved right away rather than possibly making it worse.”

George gets it, he’s been working and tinkering with cars for a long time, longer than nearly everyone he knows, having had an interest in cars since he was in his early teens. He would spend his nights online, researching everything to do with cars, learning everything and anything he could.

George started fixing cars long before he started driving them. He didn’t even care all that much for the whole racing aspect at first, always more interested in building the cars themselves rather than using them to drag or drift. That all changed when he came to California, meeting Techno and Bad, two amateur racers in need of help.

They made a little agreement, George would help them build their cars and in return they'd let George stay with them. It was a mutually beneficial relationship, and overtime as George's skills improved and his love for the road grew, he got a car of his very own. A shitty, second-hand 2009 Nissan, his pride and joy. George still loves that car with all his heart, but he's grown a lot since then, and times have changed.

He's now the proud owner of a \$150,000 car, no longer living on the pull-out couch in Techno's tiny apartment, instead the owner of a beautiful home in San Francisco.

He hasn't heard from Bad in four years.

He wonders if he'd be proud of him...

"That's it all done for you then!" he says with a bright smile, watching the relief wash over Skeppy's face. Luckily none of the paint had chipped, leaving it a quick and simple job.

"Thanks a fuck tonne, George." he says, reaching over to give his friend a one-armed hug. George brushes him off, laughter tinkling from his lips as he presses his hand into Skeppy's upper arm, a quiet beeping sound signalling that the payment has gone through.

"Stop by if you ever need anything!" George calls out as Skeppy gets into his car, "Take care!" he presses a button on his watch, the garage doors slowly open and Skeppy drives away, throwing a quick wave George's way before vanishing off into the distance.

...

George has never been particularly fond of parties, yet for some reason, he always somehow finds himself in attendance.

He hates the way his heart beats in time with the bass, hates the way the floor vibrates from the sheer volume of the music, hates the stench of alcohol, weed, and sweat that just lingers throughout the house, yet he still finds himself getting dragged in by Sapnap each and every time.

He glares into the cup he had been handed, watching the liquid slosh around inside, cringing at its odd smell. "Don't drink stuff that random people hand you, George." Sapnap scolds, uncharacteristically serious, snatching the cup from George's hand and pouring the concoction down the drain.

"I'm not stupid." he huffs in response. He hadn't been planning on drinking tonight anyways.

The party itself isn't hosted by anyone George knows personally, and a majority of the people around him are complete strangers. He isn't even entirely sure as to how Sapnap even knows the host, but he wasn't about to let him go alone.

He scans the room with a grimace, an expression that hasn't left his face all night, scowling at the sea of dancing bodies, all reeking of alcohol. The house is completely filled to the brim, the floor barely even visible. It's wall to wall with people, all ranging from completely sober to black-out drunk, and George *hates it*.

Sapnap rolls his eyes at him with a scoff, dragging him into the crowd by his forearm. There's a strange buzz in the air that George is certain wasn't there before, hushed whispers between groups of friends and wide-eyed looks being passed around.

"What's going on?" Sapnap asks, it's a whisper, something that should've been lost in the chaos, but George manages to pick up on it nonetheless.

“I don’t know, Sapnap, it’s almost like I’ve been here with you this entire time.” George hisses, sarcasm dripping from his words. He stumbles forwards a little as Sapnap tries to squeeze them through an especially tight gap in the mass of bodies.

He groans at George’s unhelpful response, tightening his grip for a second, eliciting a pained yelp from the shorter man. George utters a hushed apology, straining his ears to try and catch wind of what everyone was suddenly all excited about.

“-There’s a fucking *Ferrari* parked outside-”

“Holy shit! Are you serious?”

Ferrari?

“Hey, Sapnap, I’m gonna go get some air.” George says, already searching for the exit, “I’ll be back in just a minute, yeah?”

He doesn’t even give Sapnap the chance to respond, already making his way towards the front door, weaving between the bodies, trying his hardest not to bump into anyone.

He’s outside in a matter of seconds, hopping down the steps quickly, scanning the nearby area for the car.

Regardless of the fact that it’s already very late, the air is still somewhat warm, the autumn months not yet having settled in, the final remnants of summer still hanging around. The stars aren’t visible, (it’s San Francisco after all) blanketed by a layer of permanent smog that drifts over the city.

It’s one of the only things George misses about England, his childhood home in the countryside, the ability to step outside at night and see all the little specks of light decorating the sky above.

He hasn’t been there in a long time.

He turns into the car park near the party house, swerving around the cluster of people stumbling down the pavement. One of them gives him a strange look, one that’s practically begging for a reaction, but George simply continues walking.

He spots it almost immediately, the black Ferrari 488 parked just a couple of cars down from his Vantage. While George is aware that there are definitely more Ferrari owners in San Francisco, his mind had instantly rushed to Dream when hearing that there was one parked nearby.

A small smile finds its way onto George’s lips as he walks towards the car, expecting to find the owner somewhere nearby, and that he does.

“I was right then,”

George turns around in an instant.

“It was your car.”

Dream pushes himself off of the lamppost he had previously been leaning on, his mask glowing brightly, taking a few steps towards George, making it no secret that he’s checking him out. “You look nice.” he whispers.

“Thank you.” George says with a low chuckle, pulling away. The air around them is suddenly a lot

thicker, the slight humidity that had been present just moments ago growing less bearable, almost in an instant.

“You recognised my car?” George asks, shifting his focus to said vehicle, “That’s why you stopped here?” his tone is teasing, purposefully so to try and get under Dream’s skin. It appears to work.

He’s quiet for a moment, eyes still set on George’s face. He can feel them trace his features, leaving burns in their path. Dream doesn’t stay quiet for long though, something clicks in his mind.

“And how exactly did you know I was out here?”

It’s George’s turn to go quiet.

“What, you heard that there was a black Ferrari outside and came searching for me?”

George huffs, turning away in an attempt to hide his rosy cheeks. Dream laughs this time, realising he’s caught George out, leaning in closer to him once again.

“Don’t worry, gorgeous, I wanted to see you too.” he practically purrs into George’s ear, leaving a tingling sensation on his neck. He hangs his head down low, touching his flaming cheeks with the back of his hands, anything to try and hide the redness.

“I don’t know what it is about you,” George says, feeling the need to explain himself “but you just draw me in; you make me want to know more...”

“I’m glad the feeling’s mutual.”

George opens his mouth to speak again but is interrupted by a buzzing on his wrist. It’s a message from Sapnap, and admittedly George had kind of forgotten that he had left his best friend...

“Sorry, I’ll be just a moment.” he apologises to Dream, turning away slightly as Sapnap’s video message appears above his watch.

“Dude, where the fuck are you?” he’s still at the party, probably wandering around trying to find him, “You said you were going out for some air and now I can’t find you anywhere!”

George swipes it away, turning to Dream with a sheepish grin, receiving a breathy chuckle in response.

“He seems worried,” Dream says, something slightly off about his tone. George pretends not to notice. “you should go to him.”

In one swift movement, George pushes himself up against Dream’s chest, trying to ignore the small sound of surprise that escapes the man’s lips, and takes hold of his necklace. With a quiet click, the white hologram flickers away, revealing Dream’s blushing face.

His pupils dilate as his eyes refocus on George, and he’d be lying if he said it didn’t make his heart rate pick up.

“I’ll see you around,” George whispers, still impossibly close, “yeah?”

And with another gentle press of the button, Dream’s mask is back and George is walking away, doing everything in his power to keep his composure.

...

“There you are!”

George quickly swivels around in an attempt to find the voice, grinning when he finally spots Sapnap. “I was looking for you!” he says, it’s only partly a lie.

“Where did you go? I couldn’t find you for like 10 minutes.” George notices how worried Sapnap looks, and the guilt settles in hard. He takes a hold of his forearms, rubbing tender circles into the skin there to try and soothe his nerves.

“Hey,” he says softly, looking directly into Sapnap’s eyes “I’m here, I’m okay. I didn’t mean to worry you, I’m sorry.”

The tension in Sapnap’s shoulders seems to melt away at George’s words, yet his eyes are still glossed over.

“This party sucks,” he says, trying to bring back his normal peppy self, “Let’s go home.”

George nods right away, already pulling him towards the exit, beginning to chatter about something else to try and change the mood, anything to assure his friend that he is definitely okay. They find themselves outside quickly, walking down the path that George had just been down only minutes ago.

“Stay over tonight?” Sapnap whispers, a softness in his voice that George doesn’t hear all that often. He reaches over and taps Sapnap on the nose, nodding with a bright grin. Sapnap smiles back just as wide, hitting George’s hand away from his face with a laugh.

They take the final turn into the car park, making their way towards George’s car.

Neither Dream nor his black Ferrari are there anymore.

...

George hasn’t been around much as of late.

It’s not like this is anything uncommon though, George is known to often disappear for long periods of time, sometimes just a week sometimes a month or two. It’s just a thing he does and people usually get used to it over time.

It’s been about a month since George has last gone out with his friends, choosing to spend his nights at home by himself, or simply on the phone to Sapnap rather than on the roads. It took some convincing, but his best friend managed to finally drag him from his house for a much needed night out.

They’d decided on heading over to the mountains, an area that’s technically highly illegal to drive in, but as Techno would say, “The police don’t chase what they can’t catch.” Which is true to an extent. It’s why George is so comfortable driving down the 505 at ungodly speeds at the dead of night, it’s not like they can really catch up anyways.

George has never been particularly fond of the mountains, the drive up is always dangerous, and watching his friends swerving the corners and speeding along the raggedy paths always leaves him uneasy. He has to admit though, the view is always gorgeous, and looking out over the city always feels so peaceful.

He’s sitting on the roof of his car, legs crossed under him and hood pulled loosely over his head. It’s always much colder towards the peaks, the wind picking up, the usually pleasant breeze

becoming icy.

His cheeks and nose tickled pink by the cold, he watches the cars speed past down below, his hands interlocked in his lap, an attempt to try and keep in any semblance of warmth. There's a crunch of gravel behind him, not the continuous rumble of a car, but the light sound of footsteps. George doesn't turn around, assuming it's just Sapnap or someone stopping by to get some water; they've left all the supplies with George after all.

"I haven't seen you in a while."

That certainly isn't a voice George was expecting.

"What can I say," he pauses, turning to Dream with a smile, "I haven't been around much recently."

Dream cocks his head to the side in a teasing manner, "How was I supposed to 'see you around' if you weren't actually *around*?" He's obviously joking, but George can't help but feel bad.

He scoots to the side just slightly, patting the spot next to him, inviting Dream to join him on the roof. It's an odd thing to do, especially for George, who barely even lets his closest friends touch his car, though he doesn't regret it instantly, which he takes as a good sign.

Dream climbs up quickly and carefully, making sure he doesn't break anything and his shoes don't leave any marks. George appreciates it. It's an awkward fit, the two of them squeezed on the roof together, but George can't find it in himself to complain.

He stares out into the night sky, trying to ignore Dream's piercing gaze on the side of his face. However, it doesn't take him long to crumble, "See something you like?" He means for it to be sarcastic, but something about the intensity of Dream's presence leaves him a little winded.

"Yeah," Dream pauses, chuckling at the blush that makes itself at home on George's cheeks, "and what about it?" George turns his attention back onto Dream, his eyebrows furrowed into a glare.

"How can you just... Say that?" he tries his best to get the burning on his cheeks to calm down, but apparently Dream isn't quite finished with his little game.

"What?" he chuckles, deep and breathy, leaning in closer to George, "Do I make you flustered?"

George chooses to brush it off completely, collecting himself and turning back to Dream with a lopsided smile, his eyes scanning the man's body, flickering down to the familiar necklace hanging around his neck. He doesn't touch it.

"Tell me Dream," he decides to ask, the memory of their last meeting buzzing in his mind. Dream presumably raises his eyebrow, urging George to continue, "What is it about me that draws you in so much?"

Dream leans in, he has a habit of doing that, his white mask flickering off, revealing a smirk playing on his lips. George feels his eyes widen, and he can't bring himself to move away, remaining painfully still, lips parted. "It's that look in your eyes whenever you're around me," he says. George forgets how to breathe. "Like there's something burning behind them, something fiery and bold."

George lets out a shaky breath, visibly melting at the words, his heartbeat erratic, his mind turning to static.

“I need to know more, George.” his voice nearly a growl, “Let me know more.”

Dream pulls away almost straight after, his breathing just as unstable as George’s. They stay like that for a moment, their eyes locked together, still far too close to be considered just friendly.

“George!”

The mask comes back on. George would be lying if he says he isn’t disappointed.

“I’m just coming by for a drink,” it’s Karl, bubbly and bright as always, a welcome contrast to the thick tension that had been present just moments ago, “I hope I wasn’t interrupting something.”

George shakes his head gently, smiling at him warmly, hoping the colour of his cheeks doesn’t look as obvious as it feels. “Don’t worry,” he says, feeling Dream shift beside him, something pressing against his wrist for just a second, “You weren’t.”

A pair of feet hit the gravel on the other side of the car, a gust of cold air suddenly rushing to fill the spot where Dream had just been sitting, sending a chill down George’s spine. Karl appears suspicious, but doesn’t question it any further.

“I was about to get going anyways,” Dream’s already making his way down the path, his voice beginning to sound distant, “I hope to see you soon, George.” And he’s gone.

Karl looks like he’s about to say something, but lifts the water bottle to his lips instead, opting to stay quiet.

It’s not like George realises anyways, still trying to slow down the pace of his heart.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading !! please leave your thoughts,, i'd love to hear from you:) i'll try and get the next chapter up soon! just give me some time

tw: [yourwishlistt](https://twitter.com/yourwishlistt)

fever.

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, you really just can't hold back. One things leads to another and suddenly Dream and George find themselves unable to help themselves.

Chapter Notes

a slightly shorter chapter this time around, but an important one !!! i hope you enjoy reading anyways even if there isn't quite as much To read...
also just for reference, the ages of the main characters: dream, george, sapnap and karl are all the same age, and tecnho and bad are a couple of years older than them.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George stares at the new contact in his watch, Dream's name and profile displayed loud and clear just above his wrist.

George most certainly doesn't remember exchanging numbers with Dream, yet somehow he's ended up with Dream saved proudly in his contacts... Exchanging numbers is a simple process, only requiring the two parties to press their watches together, the information quickly transferring. However, George does not recall ever taking part in any sort of a trade.

He shuffles up against his pillows, duvet bunching up at his waist as his finger hovers over the confirmation button. He gulps, unsure of how to proceed. He's probably overreacting, and he knows this, but for some reason those five little letters leave his chest feeling all fluttery.

He accepts the request.

Almost instantly, a call comes through. Dream's face, raw and maskless, appears on the screen, the watch buzzing quietly.

"Hello?" he says, trying to hide the wavering of his voice. He doesn't do a good job at it.

A low chuckle comes from the other side of the line, the voice sounding slightly crackly, yet still familiar. "Good evening." From the looks of things, Dream is also in bed, his hair splayed over what George assumes to be his pillows, a sleepy smile on his face, eyes shut peacefully. He tries not to stare.

"May I ask how I ended up with your number?" George asks, his lips twitching upwards just slightly, his voice an octave or so lower than usual. Dream chuckles once again, opening his eyes slowly, his movements relaxed and drowsy.

"Can you blame me," he says, focused solely on George, "I wanted to talk to you more." George stays quiet, hoping that the hologram wouldn't pick up on the pink dusted on his cheeks. "And I did it just as I was leaving tonight, I thought you would have realised."

“I felt it.” George watches the smile on Dream’s face grown, his arm reaching up to cover his eyes, “But you left so soon after, I didn’t get the chance to ask.”

Dream lets out a low hum, moving his arm down and away from his eyes, squinting just slightly as they readjusted to the light. “You’re in bed right now, right?”

George nods. “And so are you. You look tired.”

As if prompted, Dream lets out a loud yawn, his eyes glossing over, body clearly begging for sleep. “I stayed up waiting for you to accept the request.”

“I was still out for hours after you left... You really waited that long?” Something in Dream’s eyes flickers, but it’s too fast for George to decipher. All he knows is that he doesn’t like the feeling that settles in the pit of his stomach.

“I’ve waited for you long enough, I don’t think an extra few hours will do any harm.” His voice is hoarse, the same hushed tone that he had been using earlier today, the one that leaves George breathless.

“What?” George’s voice sounds weak in comparison, shy yet expecting.

“You don’t seem to realise, George,” Dream pauses, not for long, but just long enough for the swarm of butterflies in George’s stomach to erupt, “That I have known of you for a lot longer than you have known of me.”

George doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t exactly have anything to say.

A laugh escapes Dream’s lips, drawing out into a long sigh as he watches George’s reaction. “I seem to leave you speechless pretty often, huh?” That certainly doesn’t help George’s state...

If his blushing wasn’t noticeable before, it most certainly is now, his cheeks tickled pink, a strangled noise getting stuck at the back of his throat. Dream, George had decided, was completely and utterly *unbearable*. He lets out a spluttered cough, hiding his cheeks away with his hands, eyes screwed tightly shut.

“I hate you.”

“No you don’t.”

Silence fell over them, George’s eyes roaming Dream’s face, never settling anywhere for too long, always finding something new to look at. Everything about the man is an enigma, a puzzle waiting to be solved, a mystery worth uncovering.

Dream yawns again, pulling George out of the depths of his mind. “You should sleep.” He says, it’s an obvious statement, but Dream smiles nonetheless.

“I should, shouldn’t I.” he pauses, eyes already drifting shut, “But we’ll see each other again soon, right?”

“Of course.” George sighs, finger already lingering over the ‘end call’ button, “I’m sorry for making you wait so long.”

Dream’s eyes open again instantly, mouth falling agape, words already on the tip of his tongue, but it’s too late.

George has already hung up.

...

It's race night and George is jittery to say the least. Most of his closest friends are racing tonight, and so is Dream, who he hasn't spoken to since the phone call.

"You seem nervous." It's Wilbur, a friend of George's, but not someone he sees particularly often. He looks over at him with a lopsided smile, breathing out a quick sigh. While Wilbur doesn't seem to fully understand, he smiles back anyways, remaining quiet.

The races actually started a few hours ago and they had a pretty good winning streak going, most of, if not all, the racers George knew personally snatching up the first place titles. Sapnap suddenly appears between them, his arms looping around both of their shoulders, a wild grin plastered on his face.

"I'm up soon," he says, pinching George's cheek, "you think I'll do well?"

"Of course you'll do well, you're *you* ." George replies with a chuckle, pushing Sapnap's arm off, a smile of his own forming.

Wilbur slips away at some point, leaving just the two of them. "There's just two racers ahead of me, Dream and then some guy I don't know." he's visibly buzzing, bouncing on his feet as he watches over the track. "Then you better get out there!" George laughs, pushing Sapnap ahead, "What are you still doing here? Go get ready!"

"I'll win for you!" he shouts as he finally disappears down the steps, vanishing into the prep area. George knows he can win, he's seen Sapnap drive and race millions of times before, and there's truly no one as motivated and as driven as him.

"You can do it!" he calls out, hoping Sapnap can hear him. Oh well, it's the thought that counts.

A rumble comes from down below, the next set of cars pulling up to the start line.

One of these said cars is Dream's Ferrari.

Right before the race starts, George receives a message.

"Meet me in the car park when I win."

Fuck.

By the time George has finished reading, the countdown has already begun, the four racers revving their engines as they prepare to speed off. George is barely paying attention, his ears ringing and stomach doing flips.

The cars are off and George isn't even focusing, all he knows is that Dream's car is in the lead and he's going to be seeing him any moment now. He knows getting too worked up about seeing him is probably stupid (particularly stupid for the sake of his own emotions) but he truly cannot help the sudden rush of euphoria that blazes through his body.

Dream passes the finish line in first place, not even stopping to get out and celebrate his victory, simply driving onwards.

George knows exactly where to go.

...

George glances around the car park, eyes scanning for either Dream or his car, neither of which he could find. His heartbeat erratic, mind buzzing, he circles the area, the flashing of headlights suddenly catching his attention.

It's Dream's car, hidden away in a more secluded area, invisible to anyone simply walking past. George makes his way over, smiling as the passenger side door automatically opens, waiting for him to climb inside.

The car is spacious, smelling faintly of apples and cologne, a pleasant combination, and George gets in without a second thought. He barely gets the chance to get settled, however, before Dream is already pulling him close. All of a sudden there's a pair of hands holding George's face, a tightening in his chest, and a pair of lips against his own.

Without a moment of hesitation, George is kissing him back.

Something about the kiss feels far too intimate, too emotionally driven, and it sets off George's fight or flight, but he doesn't want to pull away, can't pull away. Their lips push and pull like they're meant for one another, a rhythm unlike anything George has ever experienced before. He's enthralled.

Dream kisses in a way that's fiery and demanding, yet still soft and passionate, a combination George has never known to be so intoxicating. His grip on George's jaw remains secure, but still so gentle, in a way you wouldn't expect.

George's own hands find themselves on Dream, one curled around his neck, the other pulling him closer by the sweater, leaving little to no space between them. They pull apart eventually, both gasping for air, foreheads pressed together, lips swollen and shiny.

"I've been wanting to do that for such a long time." Dream grins at him, his voice hoarse and scratchy, hands sliding down from George's face to his thighs. The emotion swirling in his eyes is raw, an amalgamation of both want and fondness so strong that George can barely hold back the gasp that escapes his lips when he notices.

Dream taps his thighs gently, pulling him up. George gets the memo, and the switch of positions comes naturally, his legs now pressed on either side of Dream's lap, the steering wheel pushing into his back just slightly, his hands gripping onto the taller man's shoulders.

Dream's grin grows even wider, the look in his eyes leaving George mesmerised. "I wish you could see yourself right now." He's whispering now, his breath against George's face, "You're gorgeous."

"Again." George's voice sounds foreign even to his own ears, almost as if in a daze, "Kiss me again."

Dream does just that.

Their lips meet again, this time the tempo's quicker, and it all feels a lot more real. There's a certain eagerness to it all, yet it doesn't feel desperate, Dream's presence is demanding, always has been demanding, but George still feels safe.

Dream's hands trail up to George's waist, settling there, pulling him closer until their chests collide, a quiet sound escaping George's mouth, muffled by the other's lips. His own hand now finds itself on Dream's face, cupping his cheek gently, the other still twisted in the soft fabric of

his sweater.

They break apart a couple of times for air, very few words exchanged between them, before locking lips again. It goes on for a while, George's watch buzzing all the while...

...

"George? Where are you? I won! I'm trying to find you, are you even here?"

...

George hadn't been expecting to be rushing to Sapnap's house at 3am tonight. Well, he hadn't exactly been planning on making out with Dream for an hour in the front seat of his car either, but things happen.

He scrambles out of his car in a hurry, nearly tripping up the stairs on the way up to Sapnap's front door, out of breath, guilt heavy on his shoulders. He rings the doorbell once, twice, a third time, and still no one answers.

He knows that Sapnap's home, his Toyota Supra is parked proudly in the driveway, his bedroom light on. George lets out a sigh, his breath visible in the air, and pulls up his watch.

"Sapnap I know you're at home. Please, open the door." He says, and he's pretty sure Sapnap can probably hear him from wherever he is inside the house. He leans up against the wall next to the front door, trying his best to listen in for even the slightest of sounds.

He starts to think that maybe Sapnap had already fallen asleep, but the quiet sound of footsteps proves him very wrong. The front door opens quickly, revealing his best friend standing there in his pyjamas, a frown visible on his face.

"I'm mad at you." is all he says.

"I know..." George keeps his voice quiet, "I'm sorry."

They stand there for a moment, an odd silence falling over them. It's not uncomfortable though, and not angry, so George takes that as a win.

"Come inside, you're going to get cold."

...

They find themselves in Sapnap's bedroom, curled up on opposite sides of the bed, little to no words having been exchanged between the two of them. George knows Sapnap. He knows better than to try and dump a load of explanations on him, simply waiting until Sapnap himself decides to speak up.

The two of them never really argue, per se, but it isn't uncommon for them to get upset or frustrated at one another. There have been many times when George could barely even stand to look at Sapnap, yet he still craved his presence. They'd spent those nights sitting in George's room in a heavy silence, but they always sort it out in the end.

"Why weren't you there?" his voice is soft, he sounds almost worried, like he was scared that *he* was the one who's done something wrong. George resists the urge to pull him into a hug.

"It's not-" he pauses, trying to gather his words, "It was stupid. Someone asked me to meet them

after their race... I should've just waited five more minutes but I wasn't even thinking-

"Dream?" Sapnap interrupts him, a hint of something teasing in his voice.

Now, George certainly wasn't expecting that.

"Well-" he splutters "Yes. But this isn't about that-"

"George, I find you finally getting back out there so much more important than a race." he says, his tone softer, speaking as though George may break if he says anything wrong.

"It's not like that." His response is somewhat curt, but not hostile, "And that doesn't change anything- you race like four times a year maximum, and you were so excited-"

"George."

He stops, letting out a breath he didn't even know he was holding in. Sapnap opens his arms, inviting George to crawl into the warmth. He accepts, obviously, and collapses into his best friend's hold.

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I promise." he presses his nose into George's hair "I kinda overreacted anyways."

They stay like that for a few minutes, but Sapnap being Sapnap, the moment doesn't last particularly long. He starts swaying George from side to side like a baby, badly singing some lullaby George is sure he's heard before. He pushes him off with a laugh, stifling an ugly snort when he notices Sapnap's obnoxious pout.

"Now," he says, lip still jutting out, "tell me everything."

He taps George's nose, "And I mean *everything*."

George furrows his brow at him, shaking his head with a smile.

"I know what you're implying. I don't like him, Sapnap." he says, shifting to lay down, face stuffed in the pillows "I find him hot, he finds me hot, we made out. It's as simple as that."

"It's never as simple as that, though is it, George."

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for stopping by !!!! please leave your thoughts in the comments, i truly mean it when i say that hearing feedback and thoughts on my work truly encourages me to get better and continue doing what i do:)

tw: [yourwishlistt](#)

anything.

Chapter Summary

George should be scared... Why isn't he scared?

Chapter Notes

welcome back !!!! i'm so sorry this took a little longer to get out, but i'll be honest,, times between updates may vary quite a bit, but i'll try to make sure it isn't Too long... also !!! here's a thread of everyone's cars if you wanted to see them: [the cars](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“May I ask how you even found the address of this place?”

George certainly wasn't expecting Dream's arrival at The Outlet, but here he is, smiling sheepishly at him as he pulls his car to a slow stop in the middle of the garage.

“I asked Techno.” he climbs out of the vehicle almost immediately, gaze already trailing over George's body. George wishes he could see the look in his eyes right now. Would it be hunger? Lust? Or simply admiration?

His eyes wander around the workshop, turning around to get a proper view of the place. George tilts his head in a silent question, but Dream doesn't appear to pick up on it.

“You didn't think of making an appointment?” George's tone is teasing, but there's still some seriousness behind the question, “You're lucky I was actually here too, it's not often that I'm around if there aren't any jobs to be doing.” A chuckle escapes Dream's lips, his attention focused back onto George.

“This was kinda an on the spot decision.” Dream's mask flickers away, revealing a smile. George can't help but grin back, taking a few steps towards Dream, but stopping himself before he can get too close.

“This is where the magic happens, huh?”

George chuckles, rolling his eyes playfully, “Don't phrase it like that.” Dream smiles at him, genuine and bright. It looks nice on him. “But yes, this *is* where the magic happens.”

Dream wanders over to George, eyes twinkling. “Would you be interested in having a look at my car?” George lights up.

“Please, your car is practically begging for me to get my hands on it.” George is already walking towards it, stars in his eyes as he inspects the exterior from a distance, mind buzzing with the need to know more.

“The car's not the only one...” Dream comments under his breath, but clearly loud enough for

George to hear. He shoots a glare his way, returning his attention back to the car almost immediately in an attempt to hide his blushing cheeks, muttering a quick “Shut up.”

“Well,” Dream says, moving along quickly, as he walks over to stand next to George, smiling at the way the man’s practically bouncing with excitement, “she’s all yours. Feel free to take anything apart, look inside, whatever.”

George’s eyes widen almost comically, “You’re serious?”

It’s heart-warming really, the way George rushes straight to the car, already opening the back to reveal the engine. Dream lets out a breathy laugh, his smile growing even wider as he follows George.

It takes a few minutes of searching around for tools until George is actually ready to properly look at the car, and it’s clear how much care he’s truly putting into it. The passion for his art is shining through brighter than ever, and Dream is enamoured.

“It’s really surreal to actually see you working on my car, you know.” Dream leans up against a metal beam, head tilted to the side as he watches George work, “Especially after so many years.”

George pauses, all his attention directed back at the taller man, “You mentioned that when you called me that night.”

Dream takes in a quick breath.

“About how you’ve known me a lot longer than I’ve known you... But how so?”

A sigh leaves Dream’s lips, yet he’s still smiling, fond memories replaying in his mind. “I have a friend back in Florida- well... Had a friend back in Florida. I don’t know if he still really considers us friends; we had a huge argument the night before I left.”

George looks like he’s about to say something, but Dream just continues talking. “But that’s besides the point. He used to race I think, though he never did in the time that I knew him. He didn’t tell me anything about his past or where he came from, but it’s not like I ever asked anyways.”

Dream pushes himself off the beam, feet moving on their own accord, “He knew Techno somehow, and would fly out to San Francisco every couple of months to come and visit him. I somehow managed to convince to take me with him, it was meant to be a one time thing but I ended up joining him every single time after that.”

He’s pacing now, and all George can do is stand and watch, “That first trip must’ve been just over four years ago now, I was about to turn 18. We went and watched a race, it wasn’t at the track you guys do them at now, but a somewhat dodgier one a few miles out.”

George remembers. That had been the first track he had ever officially raced on. The place that started all of this.

“I remember seeing you for the first time.” George’s breath hitches. “You were standing around in the drivers area with some friends, I think Sapnap was there too, but something about you just stood out.”

Dream stops his pacing, turning to meet George’s gaze, something blazing deep within his eyes, “You’ve always been really bright. Your passion burns through into everything you do and just watching you out there was almost hypnotic.”

“I came along on every single trip after that, and it’s truly what influenced me to start racing myself. I finally got my own car when I was 20 and learnt the ways of the road. It’s ironic, that was around the same time the trips stopped...”

George furrows his brow, “Hold on,” he says, “you’ve only been racing since you were 20?” Dream nods, the fond smile still lingering, something warm swimming deep within his eyes.

“So you basically started racing...” George pauses, “Because of me? Because of all of us?”

Dream nods again, lips twitching into a wider smile, “Yes, George. Because of you.”

“That’s not fair, you’re already way better than I’ll ever be!” Dream laughs, an odd wheezing sort of sound that George finds strangely endearing. He seems lighter, as though something’s been lifted off of his shoulders.

“What can I say, I’m a quick learner.” he jokes, walking over and bumping against George’s shoulder, “It’s also probably because you don’t race anymore.”

“You know, I was really surprised when you told me you didn’t race anymore when we actually met. I’m assuming you stopped around the same time I stopped visiting?”

George hums, trying his best to ignore the way Dream was pressed against his side, “I stopped about two years ago, yeah. That’s when I started focusing more on engineering instead.”

“That makes sense. When Techno did that road trip down to Florida, I met up with him again. I complimented him on his car and he mentioned you right away, talking about what an incredible job you’d done doing it up.”

George’s mouth falls agape for a moment, “Honestly, hearing that you were still around on the racing scene over here is really what encouraged me to move up here so soon.”

A small laugh escapes the back of George’s throat, “What? So I was the reason you came to San Francisco?” Dream shoves him playfully, letting out a laugh of his own.

“Don’t get too cocky.” he taps George’s nose gently, “I fell in love with the city during those trips, and I’ve always planned to move here eventually, but I suppose knowing that you were still here greatly sped up that process.”

George leans back into the car, going back to inspecting the engine, “You’re just boosting my ego now.” he jokes, still grinning “But I hope I live up to your expectations.”

“Oh, you’re everything and more.”

...

Dream actually does end up booking an appointment for George to do up his car, and while that does mean that he’ll get a completely renovated car in a month, that also means... That he doesn’t *have* a car for a month...

This has resulted in Dream mostly getting around with Techno, making him his makeshift chauffeur. Understandably, Techno isn’t all that pleased with this arrangement, and is often busy when Dream wants to go out, however, luckily George is a good samaritan and is happy to offer his services.

“I mean,” he says with a smile as Dream climbs into the passenger seat, “It is technically my fault

that you're car-less at the moment."

Dream settles in quickly, pulling the seat belt over his chest and securing it with a quiet click. He chuckles quietly, his mask flickering away, revealing a smile on his lips. Something in George's heart flutters at the fact that Dream has enough trust in him to show him his face, something that (as far as he knew of) only one or two others had ever seen.

It makes him wonder... Whether that trust stems from something genuine, or simply from the vision of George he had created in his mind all of those years ago.

He's a little scared to find out.

"The house isn't too far from here," they're headed to a party, one hosted by a friend of a friend that George isn't entirely familiar with "it'll take 10 minutes maximum to get there."

Dream hums, gaze still fixed on George. It should be unnerving, really, the way he seems to drink up George's features, as though he's drunk on the sight of him. George keeps his eyes trained to the road, but he can't help the blush that rises onto his cheeks

"You look so incredibly good in your car, George." there's something so sincere in his voice, something so real that George's stomach jolts. "It suits you so perfectly. I'd love to see how you'd look pressed up against-"

George lets out a strangled sound, hanging his head down as the blush darkens. He can basically feel Dream's grin.

"What?" he chuckles, low and teasing, "Got you flustered?"

George mutters a "Shut up..." and pulls the car to a stop, parking it next to the pavement effortlessly.

He reaches over and pulls him closer by his jacket, their foreheads pressed together, "Stay close. You're coming with me." Dream's grin only grows as he nods, his mask reappearing as he gets out of the car, George doing the same on the other side.

Dream sticks to George's word, basically pressing himself against the smaller man's back as they enter the party. They don't stick around downstairs for long, George instantly pulling him towards, and up, the stairs.

"Going on an adventure, I see?" Dream really hopes that George is thinking exactly what he's thinking.

George drags them down the corridor, turning around to Dream with a sly grin.

He is...

They find themselves backing into a bedroom, ignoring the little "do not enter" sign stuck on the door. "Who's room is this?" Dream asks, though he clearly doesn't actually care, hands already on George's waist, lips already ghosting over his, mask long gone. "No one's that matters." George laughs, locking the door behind them.

Luckily it appears to be a guest bedroom, spare towels folded nicely on the end of the bed, the room decorated plainly, nothing indicating that it belongs to anyone in particular. I mean, at least they have some common courtesy, right?

George places his hands on the back of Dream's neck, his touch light, soft, a giggle passing through his lips as he slowly finds himself being pushed backwards, his back meeting the wall with a gentle thud.

"Fuck," Dream sighs, leaning in and pressing his nose against the sensitive skin on George's neck, "you drive me crazy."

George lets out a shaky breath, feeling his knees buckle slightly as Dream presses his lips to his neck, leaving a soft kiss there. A shiver runs down George's spine, one of his hands moving up and into Dream's hair, gripping onto it lightly, his eyes fluttering shut.

He pulls him up gently, guiding him back towards his lips, meeting him halfway there. They press against one another gently, a certain softness to it all that George still isn't used to, but can't help but love. He can feel Dream's lips quirk up into a smile as they move in time with his own, and he can't help but smile too.

It's a thing... Whenever Dream smiles, George can't seem to keep his lips from turning upwards too.

Something about him just feels so warm and familiar, and really it should scare George. It should scare him how they only met a couple of months ago and yet he's already so stupidly comfortable with him. It should scare him how his stomach seems to cave in on itself whenever Dream's around. What they are should scare him.

But it doesn't. And perhaps that's the scariest part.

"Hey, are you okay?" Dream asks, seemingly having noticed George's sudden mind collapse. He sounds so sincere that George can barely think straight, so he does the next best thing.

He pulls him right back into the kiss, hoping Dream understands the hidden message. The kiss feels more desperate this time, something sultry hidden behind the lingering touches and quiet gasps.

Their mouths work in harmony, neither of them even attempting to take control, simply working off of one another to work out what does and doesn't feel nice. George has never kissed anyone like he's kissing Dream right now... He's never been *kissed* like he's being kissed right now.

It's a mystifying feeling.

They pull apart for air every one in a while, keeping their foreheads pressed together as they exchange quiet words and giggles. They continue on for what feels like both hours and seconds all at once, their lips now red and swollen, unable to contain their giddy laughter, drunk on each other.

This is only physical attraction... George reminds himself, finally fully pulling away, trying to ignore the way his chest tightens at the loss of contact. Dream seems to feel it too, subconsciously leaning back into him, pupils blown completely wide.

"Come on," George says, laughter tinkling from his (still) kiss-slicked lips, "we have a party to get to."

...

After nearly a month and a half, Dream's car is finally finished.

George is proud, to say the least, of his handiwork, having experimented with some new

modifications, and in his personal opinion, the car is now a thing of wonders. Not saying the car wasn't good before... But it's certainly much *better* now.

He had finished just in time for the race night, giving Dream the perfect opportunity to show off his new and improved car to the world.

George is excited. Very excited.

"You're virtually buzzing." Sapnap says from beside him, nudging him with his shoulder. He's not racing tonight, so George has practically attached himself to his hip, but it's not like Sapnap's complaining anyways.

"Of course I am," he replies with a grin, "the new mods are cool as shit!" Sapnap chuckles, already well aware of George's skills in engineering cars, and while he may not show it as much as George, he's just as excited to see how the vehicle runs.

Sure, Dream and George have given the thing multiple test drives to ensure everything's working and safe, but now he'd get to see the car being used in its prime, and he could barely contain his anticipation.

"Are you excited to see the car run?" George can already hear the teasing tone in Sapnap's voice, "Or are you just excited that you can make out with Dream in his Ferrari again?" George shoves him away, trying to convince himself that his cheeks definitely aren't as red as they feel.

"Shut up." He grumbles, crossing his arms over his chest, "And we've already done that anyways." Sapnap lets out a loud cackle, catching the attention of some of the other racers in the area, which earns a harsh shush from George.

"You're so annoying." he says, though his tone is fond as he pulls Sapnap closer again by the arm, turning a blind eye to the suggestive eyebrow raise his best friend was giving him.

"We haven't done anything like *that*, you asshole." he says, though Sapnap doesn't appear convinced, "We just kiss sometimes." He adds on, a rumble in the distance catching his attention.

Sapnap lets out a dissatisfied huff, but doesn't manage to get another word in before a black Ferrari 488 is pulling up into the parking area. While the only physical difference is the new matte coat, George still finds his gaze locked onto the car as it comes to a stop, parking smoothly next to George's own Vantage.

"And here I was thinking that car couldn't look any nicer." Sapnap's practically gawking, eyes wide, "That looks sick!" George chuckles beside him, nodding his head in agreement. It had been Dream's suggestion, the matte coat, and combined with the vibrant red of the headlights, it truly looked gorgeous.

Dream emerges from within, already searching for someone. He perks up at the sight of George, making his way towards him, an obvious grin hidden behind his mask. George finds himself smiling back instantaneously, receiving a gentle push from Sapnap, who disappears just moments after.

"I want you to join me." Dream sounds almost wistful, getting right to the point, skipping any small talk. George sends a small look of confusion his way, but Dream's already taken ahold of his arm and is pulling him away.

"In the race." He says, as though it answers all of George's questions, "I want you to be by my side during the race."

George stops in his tracks, Dream turning around right away to make sure that everything's okay, "Are you being serious?" It's extremely rare for a driver to ask someone to ride passenger during races, and the surprise is obvious in both George's voice and face.

Dream nods, quickly scanning the area for a second before getting rid of the mask, revealing a genuine smile, a twinkle in his eyes. It doesn't stay on for long, however, and soon he's completely concealed once again, already dragging George back over to his car.

George is honoured, really; the grin never leaving his face as they get settled into the vehicle, the two of them buzzing with both nerves and excitement.

"What, are you up next?" George asks, already recognising the route to the driver's area. "Yeah, I showed up pretty late but wanted to make sure I had you." George's cheeks blossom into a pretty pink, the butterflies beginning their little dance in his stomach.

They pull into the small waiting area just before the start line, a long sigh tumbling from George's lips.

He's missed this.

"Haven't been here in a while, huh?" There's a smile in Dream's voice, and with a quiet flicker, George can see the smile on his face too. George nods, an odd wave of nostalgia washing over him. He feels 17 again.

Who he is now is the guy his younger self would've gawked at back then, and the thought of that could probably keep him going for the rest of his life.

The automated voice tells the racers to move to their starting positions, and it's like a switch has been flipped in George's mind. "Fuck, I haven't heard that in so long," he says, earning a fond chuckle from Dream as the car slowly rumbles forwards.

There's barely enough time to think before the countdown begins.

5...

George leans over towards Dream, placing a hand on his jaw, turning his face to meet his eyes.

4...

Dream's eyes flicker all across George's face, finally settling on his lips.

"Win for me." George's voice is barely above a whisper, but still, it sounds far too loud in the silence of the car.

3...

George presses their lips together in a chaste kiss, heart racing at the way Dream chases after them once he pulls away.

2...

"For you? Anything."

1...

Dream barely has the time to pull away and they're already off, their car speeding ahead, taking

that first place title by the throat.

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for reading !!! i hope you enjoyed<3 please leave you thoughts down below!! how are you enjoying so far? who's your favourite characterisation? also i kinda spoiled in the car thread that quackity would be introduced soon... i'm really excited to write him and incorporate him into the story, so i hope you're looking forward to it too:)

tw: [yourwishlistt](#)

reveal.

Chapter Summary

Dream and George share some parts of themselves with one another.

Chapter Notes

it's midnight and i'm finally posting again:) this chapter's a little longer and it's pretty crucial plot wise...

anyways !! i hope you enjoy <3

also tw: slightest mention of suicidal thoughts & mentions of death

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Strangely deep conversations in George's bathroom aren't as uncommon as you may initially think. Something about the combination of cold tiles and the sweet smell of George's coconut shampoo just creates the perfect atmosphere for spilling your deepest insecurities and uncovering the things you regret.

I mean, sure, it's just a bathroom... But... Listen, it makes sense, okay?!

Sapnap has settled himself in the empty bathtub, eyes fixated on the hologram just above the taps, some old animated movie displayed on the screen. George is sitting cross-legged on the countertop, squished against the wall to avoid getting his feet in the sink. It's definitely not the most hygienic but George is happy to do some extra cleaning tomorrow.

"How are things with you and Dream nowadays?" Sapnap's voice echoes slightly as it bounces between the walls. George lets out a sigh, letting his head fall back to rest on the wall behind him, his eyes closing gently.

"I don't know what you want to hear." he says, avoiding the actual question.

Sapnap mimics George's previous sigh, raising an eyebrow at him. "Well clearly there's something to say."

Of course there are things that need to be said, but George doesn't know if he actually *wants* to say them. "I can't let myself catch feelings, Sapnap, you know this." A heavy silence settles over them and George has to physically stop himself from letting out a frustrated groan.

"Don't you think it's a bit late for that?" It's barely above a whisper, but the words leave a fiery trail down George's back. "No." He says, and he sounds sure of himself, much to Sapnap's surprise, "I have this under control. As long as he stops acting the way he is right now, I can pull through just fine."

"The way *he's* acting?" Sapnap counters, "This isn't a one way thing, George. You play just as big of a role as he does." George knows he's right, but it's easier to blame someone else than it is to

blame yourself.

“Whatever.” George grumbles, he’s really not in the mood to argue with Sapnap, especially about something like this.

“You’ve been better with him.” George’s eyes snap open at Sapnap’s words, looking up to find himself staring directly into his best friend’s eyes. He can tell Sapnap’s being sincere, and that realisation hurts his heart more than he’s willing to admit.

“I can read you like an open book, George.” he says, and his tone is genuine, “It’s not hard to notice the way you’ve been smiling more these days, you’re around more often too. He’s brought out something that I haven’t seen in you for a long time.”

George doesn’t say a word.

“Please don’t let yourself lose someone like that.”

...

Dream, George and Karl are all gathered together by Dream’s car, light conversation flowing between them. The atmosphere is pleasant, and Dream’s lingering touch on his lower back keeps George from drifting off with his own thoughts.

It’s late by now, the rest of the city snuggled up tightly in their beds, yet still, here they are, basking under the night sky.

They’ve been talking about nothing in particular for a short while now, so Karl’s question isn’t exactly all that strange, “How did you get the money for a car like that anyways, Dream?”

Dream’s answer however, is completely unexpected, “I was born into money,” he lets out an awkward chuckle, and George can feel his hand twitch against his back, “and my parents were barely around, even before they died...”

Oh.

“So in sad, rich kid fashion, my first big purchase was a ridiculously expensive car.”

Karl apologises profusely immediately after, but Dream is quick to brush it off, continuing on the conversation like it was nothing. Luckily it seems to calm Karl’s nerves, who clearly meant no harm with the question, but George can tell that Dream is tense.

They only talk for a few more minutes after that before Karl departs, whispering one last apology before disappearing. Dream and George stand there in silence for a short while longer, Dream’s eyes locked to the ground, before suddenly he’s pulling George away.

The walk to Dream’s mystery destination isn’t too long, but the pair find themselves sitting on a small patch of grass a little while away from the rest of their group.

Dream starts talking suddenly, but George is already expecting what’s to come.

“Growing up, my parents weren’t around all that much, they named me Clay after my grandfather. He raised me until I was seven, but he passed around a week after my birthday. The only fond memories of childhood that I have are with him.” George shifts his gaze over to Dream, “Clay?” he repeats, voice both gentle and curious.

Dream nods, a small chuckle leaving his lips too, “Yeah.” he says, “It’s nice to officially meet you.” George lets out a small giggle, reaching over to jokingly shake Dream’s hand, “But don’t repeat that to anyone... It’s-” Dream pauses, but George nods his head anyways, “I promise. I understand.”

“They had jobs that required a lot of travelling, and I guess that was more important to them than their only son...” His eyes are shut, head leant back, the breeze tousling his hair back gently. He looks almost at peace, but there’s still something lurking between the crevices, something that George can only describe as hurt.

“It was always just me in this giant fucking mansion, all day, every day. There was a caretaker, but it would be someone different every couple of months so I’d never really grow a bond with any of them, and I was home-schooled so I only knew about one or two other people my age.”

“It was a weird childhood, and I’ll be honest, most of it is a blur. I didn’t really have any real interests or likes until I started coming up and watching you guys race.” a fond look flashes over his face for a second, and George can’t help but squirm at the fluttering of butterflies in his stomach.

“My parents passed away in a plane crash when I was fourteen. Their jet went down somewhere in France.” Dream lets out a short breath, “I’ve always felt like I should be more sad about it, but I knew little to nothing about them other than the fact that they were my parents... There was no emotional attachment, and I remember my caretaker shouting at me when my only reaction to the news was ‘oh’.”

“I continued living with different caretakers until I was sixteen and could finally live alone. I sold the mansion at seventeen and brought a slightly smaller place for myself to temporarily live. Then the trips to San Francisco started, and that’s around the same time I got myself driving lessons and bought the Ferrari.” George keeps his eyes trained to where his and Dream’s feet are just about touching, his mind numb as he processes the information.

“And then I taught myself to race and moved up here two years later, and the rest is history.” Dream lets out one final sigh and turns to face George, their eyes locking, something intense sparking between them. “I’m sorry there’s not really all that much to say, but I don’t remember a lot of it anyways...”

George shakes his head quickly, dismissing the apology. “It doesn’t matter if it doesn’t sound like ‘a lot’, it’s still something that’s clearly affected you.” Dream smiles at him, that familiar shine reappearing in his eyes.

“You’ve come really far.” The sincerity in George’s voice is piercing, leaving a permanent dent in Dream’s heart.

They sit there in silence for a few minutes longer, their focus drifting from one another to the night sky. The stars aren’t visible, which is normal for the megalopolis that is San Francisco. George remembers the twinkling lights that were once the norm back in England, and for once, sadness doesn’t wash over him.

He breaks the silence, “How about an exchange,” George says, “you’ve told me something personal to you, so now I’ll tell you something personal to me. It’ll put us on an even playing field.” Dream looks up to meet his eyes, eyebrows scrunched up in a frown.

“You don’t have to if it’s just to even us out.” He says, the care so clear in his voice, “I’d rather you tell me when you’re comfortable.”

“I trust you, Dream. Let me tell you.” George sounds sure, and Dream isn’t going to argue with him. There’s a new, fiery emotion behind Dream’s eyes that George hasn’t seen before. It’s something weak and fragile, yet also something so secure and reassuring. George can’t help but stare.

“It’s a pretty long story, so I apologise in advance.” Dream shakes his head gently, brushing it off, “Really, it’s okay. I don’t mind.”

So George takes a deep breath and begins, Sapnap’s words ringing in his ears.

You’ve been better with him.

“Back when I first came to San Francisco, well to America in general,” Dream watches intently as George speaks, the same look from before still swimming in his eyes, “Techno and this other guy named Bad took me in, gave me a place to stay and offered me friendship. They were all I really had back then, I was 16 and ran away from home the second I could. It was stupid, looking back. Impulsive.”

He pauses, a sad smile taking over his lips, “But I suppose I wouldn’t be here right now if I hadn’t done that... So...” Dream lets out a small chuckle, urging George to continue his story.

“Bad was like a dad to me.” There’s something so sad in George’s voice, something so broken and hurt. Dream has to forcibly stop himself from pulling him into a hug. “Well, he definitely wasn’t old enough to be my dad, but you know- he was that father figure in my life for a long time.”

“Very few people were actually close with Bad, only me, Techno, and this one other guy... So when he got up and left one day, there weren’t that many people to go to.” He stops to take a breath, wiping at the tears that had accumulated on his lash line.

“It was inevitable, really... But that doesn’t mean that we expected it so suddenly.” Dream’s gaze is still soft, and it helps keep George grounded as he continues, “He made a promise to himself that if he were to ever get into an accident, he would quit. He would leave this whole life behind him and move on. And well... That’s exactly what happened.”

“The last time I saw him was about four years ago.” he sighs, a long, deep breath, “I was angry at first, but that didn’t last long. The only people I had to confide in were Techno and that other guy I mentioned earlier.”

“Techno shut himself off when Bad left, and he’s been oddly distant with me ever since. I don’t know if he’s even realised that he’s been slowly pushing me away over the years, and it hurts more than I’m willing to admit.” a sad laugh escapes from George’s lips, but it quickly turns into another sigh.

“But... The other guy, he was a friend of Bad’s... and I had it in for him really badly. We were already dating before bad left, but afterwards it just became really dependent on my end. Now, looking back, I know it was really toxic, but in a way, he was all I really had left of Bad, and I clung to that as much as I could.”

“I loved him so much... And for a while he was the one who kept me alive.” George stops talking, trying to swallow the lump in his throat, to no avail. Dream reaches out to take George’s hand into his own, gently rubbing his thumb over the man’s knuckles, giving George a moment to gather his thoughts.

“But at the end of the day, no matter how much you love someone, it doesn’t matter if they don’t

love you back.”

Dream’s thumb stops moving for just a second, and even if George notices, he doesn’t say anything.

“He used me.” George says, eyes somewhere distant, “Used me for recognition, used me for money, used me for sex, used me for all of it. Our relationship was just for him to put up for display, to show others that he was *desirable* ...” the hurt in George’s voice slowly turns to anger.

“He broke my heart when I was already at my lowest. He told me everything, everything he had done and said. ‘Told me I was just a pawn in his little game, and I just had to stand there and take it.’”

They sit together in silence for a few minutes after, the air around them feeling strangely refreshing, almost light. “I’m well over him now, but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt anymore.”

“You’re really fucking strong, you know that right?” Dream says, voice quiet and gentle. George’s scoffs, a genuine laugh, “Oh come on, my story was just ‘boohoo I got my heart broken and my friend left’, what kind of high-school bullshit is that?”

“That doesn’t make it any less valid.” Dream says, sporting a smile of his own, “You’re incredible, I hope you know that.”

George smiles too, turning his hand to interlock their fingers, “As are you.”

A voice in the back of his head says “*So much for having it under control.*” and it sounds awfully like Sapnap.

...

Dream asks to stay over for the night and George, low on self control, can’t bear to say no.

Dream wanders around George’s home, curious and wide-eyed, while George washes up and tidies his room a little. George has a nice house, and a large one at that, which isn’t surprising in the slightest. The decor is cosy, and the whole house smells faintly of lavender and chamomile, probably due to an air-freshener or something that Dream can’t see.

George pokes his head out from upstairs, calling out to Dream for him to come up. George’s bedroom is nice too, still a little messy with clutter, but it looks lived in and the atmosphere feels familiar. Dream likes it.

“We have the same bedsheets.” Dream says in passing, earning a quiet laugh from George, and he’s already walking around admiring the photos sitting atop of his dresser. He doesn’t have enough time to look at them properly; George is already gently pushing him out of his way and kneeling down next to the drawers, pulling out two t-shirts, some pyjama bottoms, and a pair of shorts.

“I think this shirt should fit, it’s pretty big on me anyways.” he says, handing the clothes over to Dream, who takes them with a smile, “And the shorts are Sapnap’s, they’ll probably fit you better than any of mine will.”

Dream whispers some quiet words of thanks and slips into the ensuite to change, which just like the rest of George’s house, is also very nice.

Dream finishes up quickly and re-enters the bedroom to find the main lights already turned off and

George curled up under the covers, looking at something on his watch. It's an endearing sight, and Dream has to fight off the urge to coo at him. The gentle glow of the lamp on the bedside table combined with the harsh blue of his hologram light up his face in a way that just looks so gentle and warm.

He looks up when he notices the rustling, a sleepy smile on his face as the hologram zaps away. "What, are you planning on standing there all night?" he teases as Dream continues to stay frozen by the bathroom door. He lets out a low chuckle, somehow convincing his legs to move again.

Dream crawls into the space next to George, lying stiff as a board for a few moments as George watches him in amusement. "You've gone all rigid." he says, a grin on his face as he presses closer to him, "What? Even Dream gets nervous?"

Dream brushes him off with an eye roll, but adjusts his position to face the smaller man nonetheless. "All because of you." his voice is deep, sleep already creeping into the crevices, and he can't help the way his lips twitch at the blush that blossoms on George's cheeks.

"C'mere." he places his hand just under George's chin, pulling him up to meet his lips in a slow, sleepy kiss. They repeat the soft motions a couple more times before George pulls away, breaths heavy as he rests his forehead on Dream's.

Dream watches him with half-lidded eyes, loving the way he can feel George's breath against his lips. Though much to Dream's dismay, George pulls back after just a minute, shifting to wrap his arms around Dream's shoulders instead, hiding his face in the crook of his neck.

Dream freezes for a moment, and while George probably feels it, he doesn't say anything. It's not long before he collects his composure though, and engulfs George in a warm embrace, placing his chin atop of his head. "I've never held anyone like this before." Dream admits quietly, and he almost hopes that George doesn't hear him.

"You've never cuddled before?" George asks, and it's obvious that he's about to fall asleep. "Well I have... But it's never been-" he pauses, letting his fingers trace small patterns onto George's back, "like this..."

"Why would I want to anyway?" he continues on, voice just as quiet, "It's always been you."

The words set off alarms in George's head, it's all too real, it feels too real. So he does all he can think to do in that moment.

He pretends to be asleep.

Maybe if he pretends he didn't hear it, he can also pretend it *never happened*.

...

George finds himself at Techno's front door early the following morning. His own words from last night have been replaying in his mind non-stop.

He hops up the steps and towards the keypad situated by the entrance. Techno hasn't changed the passcode in years, and George finds himself tapping his own birthday into the machine. It makes a quiet sound of confirmation, and George finds himself smiling.

He scans his fingerprint quickly, a final security measure, and the front door clicks open, letting George in. He hasn't been at Techno's house in a surprisingly long time, and as sad as it is to say, it was mostly because he isn't sure if he's actually welcome anymore.

Techno's already standing in the hallway by the time George has entered and closed the door behind him. He looks surprised to see him, "You haven't shown up here unexpectedly in a while." he says, and George sends a shy smile his way in response.

"Go and take a seat in the living room, I'll make you some peppermint tea quickly and join you." George nods wordlessly and makes his way to the living room, getting himself settled on one of the couches.

Techno's place had barely changed since George's last visit, the only noticeable differences being the new curtains hanging by the windows and some new clutter scattered along the different surfaces. George has always loved Techno's house, it's always felt familiar and safe, no matter how long he hadn't visited, and this time was no different.

Techno comes back from the kitchen relatively quickly, placing the mug of piping hot tea by George and then going to sit on the other couch. "I'm guessing that you're here to talk about something?" His voice is almost completely monotone, as it almost always is, but it's clear that he truly cares about what George has to say.

George nods again and then speaks for the first time that day, "I told Dream about Bad..." Techno visibly tenses up, "And about *him* as well."

"Well- did he-" George sends a quizzical look Techno's way, watching as his usually composed self crumbles right in front of him, "Did he say anything?"

George furrows his eyebrows, reaching forwards and taking the mug into his hands, "Well, we exchanged stories," he takes a small sip "I told him about my past and he told me about his."

Techno's reaction is definitely unexpected... George was hoping for a "I'm proud of you." or maybe just a "Tell me about it." but Techno seems on edge, scanning George's face for an answer he can't provide.

They stay in silence for a few minutes, George quietly drinking his tea as Techno tries to *see through* him. The atmosphere is strange, much stranger than it's ever been between the two of them and George hates it.

"I really miss Bad." he says, an attempt to bring the conversation back, but apparently it's the wrong thing to say. Techno tenses up even more.

George watches him closely, unable to read him. It breaks him seeing how high Techno has built his walls, so high that not even George can see over them anymore. "I know you do, kid." The response comes a few moments later, and the pause is definitely awkward, but George smiles anyways.

"I hope he's proud of me." George's voice is just above a whisper, almost too quiet, "I think I've come really far."

Techno smiles too, but there's still something stiff about it. "He is." It sounds like a promise.

"And you have come really far, George..."

"You really, truly have."

...

It's race night again, and Techno doesn't show.

Everyone else is already either in the driving or the watching area, yet George remains in the carpark seated on the hood of his car, mind foggy as he watches the trees twirl in the wind. Spring has been slowly making its appearance as the days go on, and George is thankful for the pleasant warmth.

There's a distant rumble of a car gradually growing closer, which catches George off guard. *Isn't everyone already here?*

The car that pulls up, however, isn't one that George recognises at all. It's a Maserati Granturismo, a silver model, glistening and surprisingly clean. George is impressed.

George is familiar with most of, if not all, the more expensive cars on their scene, so whoever this driver is must be new to the area. George's eyes follow the vehicle as it comes to a slow stop, parking in the empty space next to Karl's Porsche.

The driver that climbs out only proves George's previous theory. It's definitely not someone that George has seen before.

Their eyes meet almost instantly, and the guy already has a megawatt grin plastered on his face. He makes his way over, his strides long, he walks with purpose and George would be a little intimidated if it weren't for the bubbly aura that he's emitting.

"Give me one chance to guess who you are." He says, and he even *sounds* happy too. George likes him already.

"Go on then." He fires back, keeping his tone playful, which only seems to egg the stranger on.

"You must be George," he points a finger towards him, earning an eyebrow raise in return "correct?" George nods, his lips quirked into a small smile. "I've heard a lot about you."

George lets out a quiet laugh, slipping down off the hood of his car. The stranger laughs too, and it's a contagious sound. It's not often that George is this confident around people he doesn't know, but something about the guy makes it hard to be shy.

"And you are?" George asks, tilting his head to the side, almost cockily.

"I'm Alex. But you can call me..." he pauses to think, "Quackity." George suppresses a snort, raising his eyebrows in surprise. "Quackity?" he repeats, not even trying to hide the amusement in his voice.

"Yeah! Oh come on, I know most of you guys have cool names, I want one too!" he whines, and George can't hold his laughter any longer.

"And 'Quackity' is your idea of cool?" Alex (sorry, I mean *Quackity*) shoots him a playful glare, but laughs along too.

"Alright, *Quackity*, would you mind telling me how you know me, exactly?" George says as his laughter dies out, leaning back to press against his car, watching as Alex's gaze moves to the vehicle.

"I'm an old friend of Clay's."

thank you so much for reading !!!! please let me know if this chapter was a little overwhelming with information- because i'm really struggling to tell if it's okay or not... also have you connected the dots yet? there's a pretty big part of the plot that's been slowly seeping through throughout the chapters and i'm just curious to see if anyone's caught on yet,,
anyways!! thank you again and i hope you stick around for next time<3

twt: [yourwishlistt](#)

realisation.

Chapter Summary

George finds himself getting far too deep into his own head and the permanent ache in his chest doesn't leave any space for the butterflies.

Chapter Notes

welcome back !!! this fic has gained a lot more traction these past few days and i'm just:o hello to anyone who's new !!
also!! there were a couple of people who's theories are basically spot on:) but lets continue on to see what actually happens next;) also a quick apology that his chapter is a little shorter than usual, but i can assure you that the next one... it's pretty big

also the playlist for this fic is finally out!! find it at:
<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/5XIXDUXIddkI2qIWxARuCq?si=9HA10eE0TQm-WoFePqqJLQ>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Watching two childhood friends reunite is truly a heart-warming thing.

Sure, it may have only been a couple of months since they'd last seen each other, but that doesn't make it any less sweet.

"Dude!" George has never heard Dream sound like this, so light, so excited "It's been so long, what are you doing in California?" Quackity lets out a loud cackle, pulling the taller man into a loose, one-armed hug.

"I've moved up here, man." he says, a wild grin still on his face, "I always said I would, didn't I?"

Sapnap makes his way over to George, who's been leaning against his car watching the scene unfold, bumping their hips together with a small laugh. "He seems like a fun guy."

George chuckles in response, "We only spoke briefly, but he definitely seems like it. He was one of Dream's only friends as a kid, from what I've heard, so I don't want to interrupt." Sapnap nods, slowly going to lean back onto the vehicle, only to be shoved off by George, "Fuck off." he grumbles, trying to kick at his best friend's shins, "You're dirty, don't touch my car."

Sapnap mocks him in a terrible British accent, playfully shoving him back. They continue their childish bickering for a few minutes, muttering meaningless insults at one another, before a loud laugh catches George's attention.

His eyes snap towards where Dream and Quackity are standing, and George can practically feel Dream's smile behind the mask, the man's essentially glowing. "Oh, Georgie," Sapnap bumps into him again, circling his arms around George from behind and picking him up, "When are you gonna

get out of that silly little head of your's, huh?"

George struggles in his hold, trying his best to wriggle free from his tight grasp, but to no avail. Sappnap continues carrying him around as he walks back and forth by George's car, continuing to speak.

"You've got to have realised by now-" "Sappnap, put me down." "-surely there's something going on up in that brain, I mean come on-" "Sappnap, please!" "-you're clearly stupidly smart already, why does it take you this long-" "You're so annoying." "-to pick up on things like this?"

George is finally dropped back down onto his feet, landing with a quiet thud. "Don't do that," he grumbles, smoothing out his sweater with a frown, "and who's to say I haven't picked up on anything.

"It's always been you."

Sappnap visibly perks up, already prepared to start his interrogation, but he stops himself. There's a distant look in George's eyes as he watches Dream and Quackity talk, and Sappnap's curiosity quickly turns to worry. "George?" He asks, taking a small step closer.

"I think I should go home." He's already getting his keys from out of his pocket, and it's clear that he's made up his mind. "You're not gonna wait for Dream?" Sappnap trails after him, wide-eyed as he watches George mess with the digital dashboard above his steering wheel, "It's probably best that I don't." is all he says in response.

"Then I'm coming with you." George's gaze snaps back to Sappnap, his brow furrowed as he watches him walk around to the passenger side. "What about Karl?" he says as Sappnap appears beside him and climbs in, tugging the seat belt securely over his chest, "And what about you?" he counters, pulling up his watch and typing something into the hologram, presumably a message regarding their sudden disappearance.

George sighs, Sappnap's levels of stubbornness can be on par with his own when he wants them to be, and he really isn't in the mood to argue with him. "Alright," he says, quickly shifting gears and pulling out of the parking area, "as long as you're sure."

"If I wasn't sure, do you really think I'd be sitting here right now?" Sappnap stretches his arms far above his head as they pull out onto the main road. He takes George's silence as an answer, reaching over and tapping his nose, "Exactly."

...

They find themselves back in George's bedroom, Sappnap settled snugly on the bed while George slowly wanders around, examining each of the photos scattered around on the walls.

Sappnap's been rambling on about some show he's been watching, and in all honesty, George hasn't really been paying too much attention. He knows that he's mostly doing it to fill the silence, and really, he appreciates it.

George is aware that he can get unnervingly quiet when he's thinking about something too hard. It's a habit that Sappnap has always teased him about, but the way the man always finds a way to adapt to fit George's odd quirks never fails to make him smile. George is extremely grateful to have Sappnap in his life, even if it's not something that he says aloud all that often.

"You've been staring at that one photo for a while now, buddy," Sappnap's voice pulls him back into reality, and he blinks repetitively as his eyes struggle to refocus, "you okay over there?"

George lets out a long sigh, “I told Dream about them.” he says, running a finger over Bad’s smiling face, a moment of time forever encapsulated. Sapnap watches him quietly from where he’s nestled between the sheets, and George can practically feel his gaze, “It was kind of an on the spot decision, and it still feels so surreal that I even said anything at all.”

He turns away from the photo, slowly trudging over to his bed, crawling over to Sapnap, who’s waiting with open arms. “I went to Techno’s house the morning after and told him about it, but he was acting really strange...”

Sapnap pulls him closer into his side, radiating the same familiar warmth that George has grown to expect from him. “Techno’s been acting strange around you for a long time now, George.” he says, not missing the small frown on George’s lips, “Even more so since Dream arrived.”

“Is it really just around me?” he asks, but something in his voice tells Sapnap that he already knows the answer, “I always thought it was just because Bad left, I figured that it just hit him really hard...” he lets out another breathe, eyes finding themselves back on the photograph.

It’s a photo of the three of them, George, Bad and Techno, taken just a month before Bad’s final race. They’re all smiling, it’s a candid taken by an onlooker, probably Sapnap, and it should be a happy photo.

But it’s not.

“I’m starting to think that I’ve just been making excuses for him.”

Sapnap gives him a gentle squeeze, “Don’t blame yourself for that though.” he says, “You need to stop holding yourself accountable for other people’s flaws, George. You look too much into the good in people.”

George remains quiet, still focused on the photograph sitting atop of his dresser. “People do shitty things sometimes,” Sapnap continues on, knowing that George is at least somewhat listening, “but that doesn’t make it your fault just because you didn’t predict it.”

“Techno’s not a shitty person though.” George finally speaks up, his voice laced with pent up frustration, but there’s still something so sad in its tone. “You don’t have to be a shitty person to do shitty things.” George blinks at him, and Sapnap can’t help but laugh, rolling off of the bed to walk around and stretch, leaving George alone among the pillows.

“I’ve done shitty things before. You’ve done shitty things before,” George follows his movements as he wanders around the room and towards the door, “and I wouldn’t say that we’re shitty people.”

George gets up to follow him, rolling his eyes playfully, “You’re so stupid.” He gets an overly flirtatious eyebrow raise from Sapnap, “Oh you have such a way with words, Georgie.” He scoffs in return, shoving Sapnap through the doorway and out into the corridor.

“Shut up, I’m hungry.” he says, brushing off the previous conversation quickly. He takes one final glance at the photograph before clicking the door shut behind him, a frown tugging on his lips.

...

George’s initial plan had been to ignore Dream, but he quickly decided against it.

He knew he was being irrational. He doesn’t exactly have a valid reason to stay away, and if ever asks about it he can’t really say “I think he has feelings for me, and that’s scary.” because he

knows that's stupid.

But also, he's grown to truly enjoy Dream's company, and he really isn't willing to put a toll on their friendship because of a little theory that he has. *Friendship*. Sure, Sapnap would happily spend hours arguing with him that 'just friends' don't make out whenever they get the chance, but George is happy to agree to disagree.

George has probably been blankly staring at the ground for a little longer than is classed socially acceptable by now. He gently shakes himself out of it, shifting his gaze back up to see what everyone else is up to. They've organised a little group get-together, a night for all of them to just hang out without any stress or competition.

Techno's isn't here. He's been off the radar for weeks, and George can't help but think that it's his fault.

Karl is known for having links to all kinds of different people and has somehow managed to find two guys who run a drive-in-cinema. Not only that, but he's convinced them to let him rent it out for the night, giving them free reign over the movie that's played and also providing a nice place for them to host their gathering.

They're watching something that George isn't familiar with, but he has to admit, it looks really cool projected in the night sky. "Dude, I've never seen someone so amazed by a large hologram." It's Quackity, who's somehow snuck his way next to George without the other man realising.

"I've never been to a drive-in-movie before," he says, throwing a lopsided smile Quackity's way, "it's cool." Quackity's jaw drops dramatically, his eyes bulging out, and George has to hold back a snort. "What? Seriously?" George nods, turning back to the film, "They have them everywhere in Florida, I used to watch once every other week with my dad when I was a kid."

Becoming friends with Quackity comes surprisingly naturally to George. The man finds strange, little ways to slot himself into George's routine, and George finds himself quickly growing comfortable around him, their friendship growing stronger and stronger by the day. They're an unexpected combination, yet they complement one another so well, balancing out each other's personalities in a way no one had ever really expected.

"Growing up in Florida sounds really different to growing up in England." George says, turning his focus back to the man next to him. He's already looking back at George, a sleepy smile on his face, "Yeah? I really can't imagine growing up anywhere else. My family moved down there from Mexico when I was only about two, and it's all I've ever really known."

"How did you and Dream meet then?" The question has already spilled off of George's tongue by the time he can even register it, and something mischievous flashes in Quackity's eyes.

"Someone's curious." he teases, pushing George playfully, receiving an exaggerated eye roll in return.

"We met when we were like six or seven. Clay had stormed out of his house, you know that way little kids do when they claim they're going to run away, and walked around the block to this park that was between our neighbourhoods." he says, a small laugh slipping through his lips, "My family had a decent amount of money, but nowhere near the amount Clay's had, but our houses were only a couple of streets down from each other."

"He was sitting on the swings looking all miserable and I walked up to him and asked if he wanted to play with me, and boom, here we are today." George lets out a small chuckle, the image of a much younger Dream and Quackity leaving a smile on his face.

“We definitely drifted apart when he moved here though...” Quackity continues on, “Something happened right before he left that I think left a really bad scar on his heart, on what he remembers as home.”

“That big fight, right?” George chips in, and Quackity gives a small nod. “He’s told you about it? I’m not surprised.” George lets out a quiet hum, shifting his weight between his feet, the movie long forgotten, “He’s told me a lot.”

“He’s always been really smitten for you, even since way before he moved out here.”

George quickly moves the conversation along, trying his best to ignore the sudden heaviness in his chest, “Who was the guy he fought with? I’m guessing he was important?”

Quackity lets out a small noncommittal grunt, “Their story probably isn’t for me to tell.” he says simply, “The guy never liked me much though, and we were barely even friends. He always said I was a bad influence, but I think he was just scared that Clay was becoming more like his younger self and needed to take it out on someone.”

George takes a moment to rejog his memory, trying his best to recall the snippets of the conversation he’d had with Dream at The Outlet, “He used to be a racer, right?” he asks, and Quackity responds with a small nod. “He revealed to me that he raced by accident, but I don’t think Dream was ever meant to know.”

George furrows his brow, but doesn’t push further, “He said he came from somewhere around here, actually, but he completely avoided me after that.”

Something about the whole situation doesn’t quite sit right with George, “Weird.” he says, brushing off any remaining questions he has. “Oh, definitely. I never quite understood how Clay got along with him, but I suppose that’s not really my place.”

George just nods, not seeing the need to add anything else to the conversation.

It’s not really his place to question it either.

...

“You seem a little off lately,” Dream’s voice is slightly crackly as it comes through George’s watch, the man’s face flickering just above his wrist, “is everything okay?” George stays quiet for a second, his bottom lip pulled between his teeth.

It’s late, later then George is used to, the numbers floating by his bedside reading 5:27AM in a harsh, blue light. “No, everything’s fine.” his response is too delayed to be believable, but he hopes that Dream is too tired to pick up on it.

Of course, that’s not the case. “You can talk to me, George.” he says, as caring and gentle as ever, and it hurts George’s heart just a little bit. “I think I’m just tired.” The lie sizzles on his tongue, and he can see from Dream’s expression that he doesn’t believe it for a second.

“George...” His voice is so soft, and normally George would’ve melted at the sound of it, but his mind is buzzing and his chest aches, there isn’t any room for the butterflies. He regrets picking up the call, but like muscle memory, his hand had moved to accept it, Dream’s smiling face appearing in an instant.

“No, really it’s fine.” he brushes him off, hoping his voice doesn’t sound as desperate as he feels, “I’m actually going to head off to bed.” Dream’s visibly startled, his eyes scanning George’s face

quickly, “George-”

But he’s interrupted, “Goodnight, Dream.” and the call ends.

George falls back onto his mattress, the duvet bunching up around him, the fabric cold against his skin. He closes his eyes tightly, bringing his hands to his face in an attempt to hide from the world.

He hates it. He hates feeling like this. Feelings shouldn’t be something to be scared of...

But *he* thought he liked George once.

And all that brought was pain.

Chapter End Notes

i hope you enjoyed !! i'm very excited to get into some real ~angst~, but i promise there's definitely still fluff and tension etc weaved in alongside it:) anyways, what are your thoughts?? again, i apologise that this chapter is a little shorter... but i hope you've all had a wonderful start to the year, and until next time,,

also!! there's some really cool fanart on instagram by okkariko for this fic:) and i think you should go and check it out

tw: [yourwishlistt](#)

pretend.

Chapter Summary

George knows, but he acts like he doesn't. He's never been good at accepting the truth anyways...

Chapter Notes

welcome back everyone !!!! this chapter has arrived a little earlier than usual, so that's pretty exciting:) also this fic hit 10k hits the other day which is just !?!?!? so i'd like to thank everyone here who has supported my work, whether you've been here from the start or if you just started reading today, i appreciate you and thank you for all of the love<3
anyways !! enough of me being a sap, onto the chapter:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ignorance is bliss!

At least that's what George keeps telling himself.

Maybe if you ignore the thing that's worrying you, it'll eventually take the hint and go away.

And technically it works! Well, George is *pretending* that it works.

Finding distractions is easy enough, and George is pretty good at filling his schedule. Whether it's booking in a bunch of car check ups at The Outlet, hanging out with Sapnap or Karl more than necessary, or just wasting his nights away watching movies, he always finds a distraction.

One of his favourite distractions is locking lips with Dream, because in theory: if his mind and lips are busy, he has no time to think about the very real possibility of actual feelings being involved.

Sapnap had called it a stupid idea.

But it's not really like Sapnap understands anyways. He doesn't understand the magnetic pull he seems to have towards the taller man, doesn't understand that even without trying they always somehow end up together. It's like there's a string that's connecting them at all times, making sure the other is always at arm's length.

George can't figure out if this is a blessing or a curse, and honestly, he's a little scared to think about it.

He's currently sitting on top of Karl's kitchen counter, Sapnap and Quackity hanging about nearby as they watch Karl attempt to make them something that can be called lunch. This is one of George's favourite distractions, the four of them have been holding small meetups more often nowadays, and George has truly come to look forward to them.

“Karl, man, you can’t convince me that that’s edible!” Quackity says with a laugh, eyes wide as he gawks at the bubbling concoction that Karl is claiming is food. Karl frowns at the mixture, spoon still in hand, “I don’t even think the racoons that rummage through my trash at night would wanna eat this...”

Sapnap appears behind him, circling his arms around Karl from behind in a teddy-bear hug, “Karl, it can’t be that bad.” George raises his eyebrows, a little worried that whatever Karl has created may be alive, “I wouldn’t be so sure about that...”

They share a small laugh at Karl’s misery, and opt to order food instead. The homemade meal is left forgotten on the side and the boys decide to raid Karl’s cupboards for snacks instead, finding a few bags of chips and some barely in-date popcorn.

They’re all a little too giddy to complain.

The doorbell rings about half an hour later, both Karl and Quackity rushing to the door like squabbling children, their laughter bouncing against the walls as they run off to get the food. It’s quite the sight, and George lets a smile grace his features.

“I know what you’re doing, George.” Sapnap’s voice catches George’s attention. He’s still standing on the opposite side of the kitchen, next to the pot of ‘soup’ on the stove. His eyebrows are raised, and he’s looking at George expectantly.

“What do you mean?” he asks, pushing himself off of the countertop, landing on the tiles with a quiet thud. He half knows what Sapnap is talking about, but it’s easier to act like he doesn’t.

Sapnap sighs, walking over to stand next to George, their shoulders brushing slightly, “Don’t play dumb with me.” He doesn’t sound angry, but George can’t help but feel like he’s being scolded, “You’ve packed your schedule full to the brim.”

George stays quiet, choosing to focus his eyes on the cluster of colourful magnets on Karl’s fridge, ignoring Sapnap’s piercing stare.

“You’re not giving yourself any time to just sit and think.”

“That’s kind of the point.”

They stand in silence for a short while, and Sapnap finally looks away, giving George the chance to breathe again. The front door closes with a distant bang, and Karl and Quackity are already making their way back to the kitchen, their voices echoing through the house.

“You need to give yourself time to think, George.”

George doesn’t say anything.

He pretends he didn’t hear.

...

It was Skeppy’s idea to hold an unofficial race night, a fun little gathering where they could just show off their skills against one another. George isn’t enjoying himself, to say the least.

They’re hosting it on one of the emptiest parts of the freeway, and honestly George doesn’t think he’s ever felt sketchier. Of course, he isn’t racing, but both Karl and Sapnap are, so they’re not around, instead they’re preparing to speed off into the distance, hopefully securing a win. Normally

he would've clung onto Quackity for the night, if not for the fact that he *wasn't here!*

And really, George can grumble and complain all he wants, but he gets it. Quackity wanted a night off, and honestly George can't blame him. After all, he himself is kind of known for taking a few too many (and much too long) breaks. He's only here because Sapnap had somehow managed to convince him, spiralling up some bullshit about how he's been closed off in his own house or at The outlet again too much lately.

George really can't say no to Sapnap.

Techno's here too, much to George's surprise.

He had nearly choked on his drink when he spotted the golden Lamborghini pulling up into the parking area. He disappeared to find Sapnap right away, an overwhelming sense of discomfort washing over him.

He hasn't seen or spoken to Techno in almost three months now, and he really doesn't want to either. Something about their last conversation hasn't been sitting right with George, and something in his head is telling him to stay away.

The last he saw of him was when he'd just arrived, climbing out of his car and heading straight over to Dream and Wilbur, who had been chatting happily. George has opted to stay out of everyone's way for the night, remaining in his car sending (jokingly) passive aggressive texts Quackity's way for leaving him.

A tap on the window catches George's attention, he looks up with a raised eyebrow. The glowing, white mask that George is so familiar with is visible even through the tinted glass, and George quickly moves to roll down the window with a smile.

Dream pokes his head in through the gap, "Hey you." he says, the smile clear in his voice. George grins back at him, grabbing the front of the taller man's jacket, pulling him further into the car.

"Aren't you up soon?" George teases, letting his eyes trail across Dream's body, receiving a quiet chuckle in response, "What? Am I not allowed to come and see you first?"

There's something off about Dream's tone, and George can't tell if the change is actually there or if he's just over-analysing the situation. He doesn't get much longer to dwell on it as Dream's fingers are suddenly resting against his chin, pulling George's face closer to his own.

"Wish me luck?" Dream whispers, getting impossibly closer, their lips almost brushing. George can feel the hologram against his skin, it leaves a gentle tingling sensation. The mask glitches slightly where they're touching, revealing only Dream's lips.

"It's not like you'll need it."

Dream finally closes the distance, their lips meeting in a tantalisingly slow kiss.

If there wasn't anything off about Dream's tone earlier, there was *definitely* something off about this kiss. Something in the way that Dream is cradling George's face, and in the painfully gentle way he's brushing their lips together feels so unexplainably *off*.

Maybe George should be worried, but his whole body just feels so warm and he can't get himself to think straight.

They pull apart after just a few seconds, someone calling Dream's name, ripping them out of their

small fantasy world. “Never stop watching me George.” Dream whispers one last time, “Please.”

It feels strangely like goodbye.

...

After a couple of races each, everyone’s tired out.

They’ve all gathered near the parked cars again, everyone chatting away, many still buzzing with adrenaline, their bodies still barely used to being still again. George has chosen to stay out of it, leaning against his car as he continues to tap away at the hologram above his wrist, still spamming Quackity with messages.

There’s a tug on George’s sleeve and suddenly he’s being pulled away. He doesn’t even get the chance to see who, or what, has gotten a hold of him before he’s being pulled into an all too familiar vehicle. The interior of the Ferrari 488 closes in on him.

It’s suffocating.

Dream appears on the driver’s side just moments later, his mask disappearing in a flash. “Do you have a minute to spare?” he sounds almost unsure, something George isn’t used to hearing from him. He tries responding in his usual way, an attempt to ease the strangely tense atmosphere that’s reappeared, “It’s a bit late to ask that now, don’t you think?” he jokes, “You’ve already dragged me into your car.”

Dream lets out a forced laugh, and George feels his lips twitch in worry. He doesn’t push it though, figuring Dream will tell him what’s up if he wants too. Afterall, it’s not his place to try and dig into it.

George mustn’t have realised how long he’d been zoned out for, because at some point the car had begun to move. “Woah, I didn’t realise we’d be going somewhere.” he grumbles, quickly tugging the seatbelt over his chest. Dream mumbles a quiet “Sorry.”, his eyes focused on the road.

George can’t help the sickly feeling that settles low in his stomach.

They aren’t driving for too long, but the strange silence seems to drag out each and every minute, the seconds are beginning to feel more like hours, and George is getting antsy. He tries to catch Dream’s eye a couple of times, but he has no luck. Dream is completely focused on what’s in front of him, almost like he’s scared to steal a glance at George. They pull into a small wooded area, and George tries again to subdue the tension, “You’re not here to kill me, right?”

Dream does in fact let out a small chuckle at that, and George takes it as a victory. “I wouldn’t dare lay a single finger on you.” he says, parking the car without batting a single eyelash, skillful and precise as always “And I think Sapnap would have my head if the thought even crossed my mind.”

Dream climbs out, and George follows suit quickly, “Not if I didn’t get to you first,” he says, the smile clear in his voice, “you don’t think I could defend myself?” Dream seats himself at a small picnic table, patting the spot next to him, inviting George to join him. “That’s true.” he says, smiling as George seats himself, their thighs pressed together, “I think I’d end up being the one dead in a ditch.”

The thick air around them seems to have cleared, much to George’s relief. Dream’s shoulders don’t look quite so rigid, and there’s a small smile playing on his lips. He seems far more relaxed than before, but something in George’s gut is still restlessly churning. “Wait, you’re not actually here to murder me, right?” George asks one last time, just to hear Dream laugh.

It works, and George doesn't even try to hide his grin. "No, I promise."

The small wooded area is actually very nice. It appears to be some sort of picnic ground, and there's a footpath leading into the actual forest itself. It's peaceful and in a way, it reminds him of some of the sights back in England. If George squints hard enough he can almost see the ghosts of the stars up in the night sky, hidden between the trees.

"Why did you take me here then?" George's voice is just above a whisper, but considering their close proximity, it's not like he really has to talk any louder. Dream audibly gulps, and that wretched feeling in his stomach comes back at full force.

He already knows what's about to happen.

He can practically hear the words before they've even left Dream's mouth.

"I like you, George."

This is what felt off .

The confession slips off Dream's lips like it's easy.

It shouldn't be this easy.

It's simple, almost blunt, but George doesn't know what else he'd expect from Dream. He's never been one to hide away from his feelings, and George is stupid for thinking this would be any different.

"Dream--"

His mind buzzes, thoughts blurring together, crashing against one another as George tries to gather his words. He can't pretend that he hasn't been expecting it, he can't pretend that it's not happening. Not anymore. Not *now* .

"Dream I can't- we can't--"

The way Dream's face falls makes him want to take it all back in an instant.

"I'm sorry." Is all he can say, and Dream drops his gaze.

It hurts.

It hurts in a way that George has never felt before. Dream's done a very good job at introducing George to new feelings recently, and he can't tell if he loves or hates it. What he does know, however, is that he *hates* this new feeling.

He's almost certain that he's going to throw up. His heart has ripped its way up into his throat, choking him, his body begging for relief. Everything is suddenly too bright, too loud, *too much* , and he hates it.

He hates everything about what's happening right now.

"I hope this doesn't change anything between us--" Dream begins to say, but he finds himself getting interrupted.

"I think we should keep our distance from one another for a while."

He's already stood up, his body moving on its own accord. George has never had great control of his fight or flight anyways...

He doesn't know where he's going or what his plan is, but he's making his way towards the exit, not daring to turn back, scared of what he'd see.

"Was it wrong of me to think that you might've liked me back?" Dream calls after him, and he sounds so *broken*.

George stops dead in his tracks. He so badly wants to turn around and pull Dream into his arms, take back every word that's tumbled from his lips.

But he doesn't.

He takes in a deep breath, and he leaves.

...

He ends up calling Sapnap.

His best friend hops in his car without a single complaint, picking George up from the side of the road and taking him to his own house.

George doesn't want to be at home. He doesn't really know where he wants to be, but it's anywhere but home. Anywhere but in that same bed that he first realised everything.

George falls asleep during the ride, waking up in Sapnap's bed, cocooned within the covers.

Sapnap never fails to make George feel safe.

He takes a shower after that, pretending that the tears running down his face are actually just the trickling water. He's done a lot of pretending lately.

Sapnap's situated himself on the left side of the bed, and even if he notices George's puffy eyes, he doesn't say anything. He climbs in next to him, slumping down onto his back with a groan, covering his eyes with his forearm.

"He confessed."

Sapnap doesn't say anything for a minute, and George can't express how much he appreciates it. His own words seem to seep straight back into his body, into the bed, into the walls, into the very air that he breathes. It's like he's actually admitting to himself that this hasn't just been some fever dream, and it feels incredible.

"I told him we should stay away from each other for a while."

Sapnap lets out a sigh, he doesn't sound disappointed, but not particularly pleased either. "And why did you do that, George?" his voice is quiet, and George can't decipher what's lurking between the words, he can't work out what he's feeling.

"Because I'm scared." George sounds almost breathless, a confession of his own, something that he's never voiced aloud.

George has been drowning and he's finally taken his first breath. He feels his whole body sink into the mattress, chills running all the way along his spine, his skin becoming icy to the touch.

“You’re scared because?” Sapnap’s asking more so for George’s own sake. George has never been good at acknowledging the way he feels, especially not like this. But Sapnap *knows* George, he knows that this is the only way to make him realise that all of this is actually real, that all of this is actually happening.

“Because someone thought like they liked me in the past-”

Sapnap can’t help but cut him off “You’re missing the key word here, George: past!” George searches his best friend's face for any hint of insincerity but he finds none.

“Dream isn’t *him* .” He sounds almost desperate at this point, desperate to get his point across, desperate for George to listen.

“And he likes *you* , George. Really, genuinely likes you. Anyone can see it from a mile away-”

George takes in a sharp breath, screwing his eyes tightly shut, an attempt to hold back his unshed tears. Sapnap stops in his tracks, reaching forwards and pulling George up into a hug, all of his love and warmth seeping through. George collapses, his body going limp.

Neither of them say anything.

Sapnap’s hand rubs soothing circles into George’s back, holding him tight, almost as though he’s trying to keep the pieces together, preventing George from crumbling.

George has so much to say, but his mind is blank. There’s nothing that he *can* say.

He takes in one last shaky breath, hiding his face deeper in the crook of his best friend's neck. He hasn’t felt this weak in a long time, maybe even ever. In a way, it’s exhilarating, his body bubbling with emotions, all waiting to boil over and spill over the edge.

“And you like him back, don’t you.” Sapnap whispers, but the answer is pretty clear.

“Of course I like him back, Sapnap.” he sounds so, incredibly drained, “How could I not...”

Chapter End Notes

ahhhhhh well that was quite something,,, what do you think? will things get better in the next chapter, or worse?? also i was so glad to hear that so many people liked the playlist:) did you have a particular favourite song? one that you thought fits the vibe the best?? my personal favourite was paradise:) anyways !!! until next time,, take care<3

tw: [yourwishlistt](#)

mistakes.

Chapter Summary

George hasn't been doing so great, and it seems as though his actions greatly reflect that...

Chapter Notes

woooooo !!! welcome back !!!! just a quick warning before the chapter: there are mentions of unhealthy coping mechanisms at the beginning of this chapter (not taking care of yourself etc) though it shows much more of the 'getting better' aspect of that. and while we're at it, here's a small reminder to always give yourself breaks when you need them, give yourself all the time you need to work on /you/ as that's always the most important thing.

now, let's get onto the chapter, enjoy:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's been a while since George has last seen Dream...

In all fairness, that could completely be his own fault, especially considering the fact that he's barely left his own house for the past couple of weeks. Dream could be continuing to live his life like normal: spending time with friends, going to races, going out *in general*, unlike George who's chosen to hide away...

He knows that he's being just a little pathetic. He feels just a little pathetic.

George wasn't the one to get rejected that night, he knows that. So why does his heart still ache as if he was?

In a way, George not only rejected Dream's feelings, he also rejected his own.

George has been spending his days in somewhat of a haze, falling asleep in the early hours of the morning and waking up during the late afternoon. For the few hours that he actually is awake, he really doesn't so much. He's probably gone through pretty much every bearable film available on TV and ordered more take-out than he's willing to admit.

He's been ignoring everyone's texts and calls, his watch laying on his bedside table, its battery completely drained. He knows that ignoring the people who only want to help is a bad idea, but it's already been too long to just pop back up with a "Hey guys!" and act like nothing's happened and sitting down and explaining everything is the last thing George wants to do right now.

His house is a mess, his bed hasn't been made in weeks, has he even showered this week? Coming to think of it, his mouth feels kind of gross, did he brush his teeth today? Did he even brush them yesterday? He doesn't even remember getting up yesterday, did he sleep through the whole day?

George hasn't fallen into habits like these in a long time.

The image of that disappointed face Sapnap always does pulls George up and off of the couch almost instantly. He drags himself to the bathroom, hissing as the lights flicker on. He stumbles around in an attempt to find a new tube of toothpaste, he somehow manages to stub his toe twice on the same corner, and hits his head while searching through his cupboard.

This is a good start!

He finally manages to sort everything out, stuffing his toothbrush into his mouth with a sigh, turning around to watch himself in the mirror. He had never expected brushing his teeth to be so much work.

"I definitely haven't showered this week." he mutters to himself, cringing as the toothpaste gets on his tongue. His reflection stares back at him pitifully, and George has to hold back a scoff. He looks rough. Really rough.

He doesn't stop brushing until his gums ache, getting rid of any remnants of that gross, fuzzy feeling of his teeth. The person staring back in the mirror still looks just as pitiful, but George doesn't *feel* as pitiful, so he takes it as a win.

He decides that he finally deserves that shower, and lets the hot water run for a couple of minutes as he gathers up a change of clothes and tries to find his towel. The sun seems to be setting outside, and George promises himself to go to sleep at a normal time tonight. While technically, he's been sleeping for far longer than he should be, he's never felt so exhausted.

It takes a little while, but he eventually finds some comfy pyjamas and a clean towel. "I've gotta tidy soon..." he whispers under his breath as he enters the bathroom, scrunching his nose up at the cloud of steam that's accumulated around the shower.

He gets in quickly, letting the warmth rush over him. He feels his body relax for what's probably the first time in weeks. It's only small, but he's taking care of himself, and that's the most important thing. He makes a mental note to charge up his watch before actually going to sleep and at least reading through Sapnap's recent messages.

He takes his time to wash away layers of grime on his skin, taking extra care when washing his hair and face, carding his fingers through the strands gently. It's a relief. The two minute long cold showers he's been taking recently are nothing compared to this.

He stays in the shower for what's probably just under an hour, letting himself just soak in the heat, the water trickling down his skin and straight down the drain. He spends a little too long watching the way it would pool up around his feet, only to be sucked away by the drain. If only everything else would wash away that easily.

He's dressed and wrapped up snugly in bed quickly after getting out of the shower, bundled up tightly in his duvet, surrounded by a few too many pillows. He reaches over to take a peek at his watch, he's left it to charge on his bedside table, trying to ignore the influx of notification as old messages finally come through and missed call notifications rear their ugly heads.

He skips past it all, swiping directly to Sapnap's contact, taking a couple of minutes to read through them all. It's mostly a plethora of "Remember to eat today.", "Call me when you can." and "I love you."s and George feels a smile creep up onto his lips.

"I've read through everything. I love you. I'll reply properly tomorrow, I promise. I'm going to get

a normal night of sleep tonight, I've showered and eaten a little." He sends the message over quickly, and he's not surprised to see that Sapnap reads it right away.

George watches the small dots pop up next to Sapnap's name as the boy types a reply, "I'm glad. Message me when you can, I hope you're doing better." it reads.

George's smile only grows, "I will, thank you for being so patient." he quickly presses send and switches the watch to silent, pushing it back onto its place on the charging dock. He lets himself get swallowed whole in the mess of pillows and blankets, and for the first time in weeks, he falls into a peaceful sleep.

...

The doorbell rings throughout the house, pulling George from his slumber. He gives himself a minute to stretch a little before reaching over to grab his watch. It's definitely late morning by now, the sun's trickling in through the gap in the curtains, leaving streams of sunlight to dance around George's bedroom. It's refreshing, really, to finally wake up during normal hours.

He squints at the security camera footage displayed on the hologram projecting from his watch. It's a little hard to see in his early morning haze, but there's definitely a figure on his doorstep. It takes him a moment but he recognises it to be Quackity, and immediately scans him in with a smile.

He hops out of bed in an instant, ruffling his hair in the mirror as he passes, and makes his way to the foyer. By the time George has made it down the stairs, Quackity has already found his way inside and slipped his shoes off. The grin that plasters itself onto Quackity's face is so contagious that George can't help but grin back, it's the first big smile he's done in a while...

"George!" he calls out, rushing forwards to pull his friend into an over-excited hug, which George returns with a light chuckle. They pull apart quickly, and Quackity's smile grows impossibly brighter. "How did you know to come here?" George asks, whisking them away into the living room, where they seat themselves on one of the couches.

"I asked Sapnap to let me know as soon as he got word from you," he replies, squishing himself between the cushions, "I wanted to see you, man. Where've you been?" George shoots a weak smile his way, "I've just been at home," he admits with a sigh, "Sapnap hasn't said anything?" Quackity shakes his head in an instant, "Not a word. Everyone kind of knew that something was going on though, but just not *what*."

George's uneasy smile turns soft in a matter of seconds, and it's clear that Quackity picks up on the change, "He's been really worried about you, you know." he says, "You should've seen how happy he was to get that message from you last night." George's eyes flicker back over to his watch, he's left it to sit on the coffee table, "I still need to reply to that." he whispers, mostly to himself, "I've only just woken up."

Quackity gets up off the couch in one clumsy movement, "I can go and make you some coffee while you take a few minutes to talk to him?" he offers, already making his way towards the kitchen. George chuckles, "Do you even know how to work my coffee machine?" Quackity shrugs in response, claiming he'll "work it out!"

George reaches down for his watch, quickly swiping over to Sapnap's message from last night.

"Morning," he types quickly, "I've just woken up to find Quackity at my front door."

Sapnap reads it immediately, "Already? I told him to wait for a little. I'm sorry if you didn't want

anyone over.” his reply reads.

“Honestly, I think I needed this.” he can feel his smile grow as he taps away on the hologram, “Do you wanna join us?”

“I’ll be over in 20.”

George looks up to find Quackity balancing two coffee cups on a little plastic tray that George didn’t know he owned, “You okay over there?” he asks with a laugh. Quackity places it down onto the coffee table, only spilling a little coffee over the edge. “Please enjoy your meal.” He puts on a horribly fake French accent, bowing to George as he hands him his cup.

“You’re an idiot.” George smiles into the cup, taking a small sip. It’s a little bit sweeter than he’d usually make it, but nice nonetheless. He thanks Quackity quietly and they take a few minutes to just enjoy the peaceful silence that had settled over them.

Quackity is the first one to break it, “So, if you don’t mind me asking, why haven’t you been around lately?”

George sighs, beginning to talk before he can even think to stop himself, “I’m guessing you know a little about the situation with me and Dream?” Quackity chuckles gently, “I don’t know much about what’s been happening recently, but I know that boy’s had tunnel vision for you since he was 17.”

George’s heart drops to his stomach, but he tries his best to keep his cool, “So I’ve been told...” he whispers, keeping his gaze low, “Well, we’ve sort of had a bit of a *thing* going on lately. Nothing official- we’d just flirt and make out a lot.”

Quackity lets out a snort, “I think I’d be more surprised if you told me there was nothing going on between you two,” he says, “you guys have always been a little different around each other.” It’s an odd realisation, that even someone like Quackity, who really hasn’t been around for very long, had picked up on their odd dynamic.

It’s comforting in a strange way, but it also seems to intensify the ache in his chest.

“Well- he uh...” George pauses, unsure how to word everything, “He told me he actually *likes* me a couple of weeks back... And I-” he takes another breath “I rejected him.”

Quackity’s jaw drops slightly, though he tries to hide it. George decides that it’s best to go in and fully explain everything, briefly skimming over his past relationships and then going more in depth with the whole ‘Dream situation’ and how and why it was all just a whole mess right now.

“I spent so long convincing myself that I wasn’t scared of it- scared of *us* -” his voice is quiet, almost fragile, “that when it actually happened, I wasn’t prepared. I was terrified.”

“I still am terrified-” he continues, “of what we are, of what we could be. I like him, Quackity, I like him a lot more than I think I’ve ever even realised.”

There’s a small beep from elsewhere in the house, and suddenly the front door is opening and a face is peering into the living room. Sapnap doesn’t even take the time to take his shoes off before he’s rushing over to pull George into a loose hug from behind. Though the back of the couch is still between them, Sapnap’s warm touch on his shoulders feels like heaven after so long.

He places his own hand atop of Sapnap’s, “I think I like Dream more than I ever liked *him* .” This isn’t even something that George has admitted to himself, but the wave of relief that washes over

him in that moment is indescribable. He feels himself melt back into Sapnap's touch, meeting Quackity's eyes with a smile.

He's smiling back, and there's something so caring behind his eyes. "Fuck. I really just admitted that, didn't I?" George says with an airy laugh, it all feels so surreal.

"You did," Sapnap whispers, and though George can't see it, he knows that he's smiling, "and I'm so proud of you."

...

It takes another week, but Sapnap and Quackity finally manage to convince George to go out for the night. The gathering is nothing big, simply a small get-together of their friends at Wilbur's house, but Quackity had still made a point out of getting George dressed up for it. "If you look good, you feel good," he had said, and George really couldn't argue with that.

And he has to admit, he does look good.

Wilbur's house is large, and honestly pretty unfamiliar to George. He's only been here about once or twice before, and neither of those times were particularly long visits. He'd chosen to ride passenger with Sapnap in his Toyota Supra rather than bringing his own car, and the two of them have been attached at the hip since their arrival.

The gathering really is small, consisting of mostly their closest friends and some others that George recognises from the races. There isn't any loud music, no one is *too* drunk, and the air is comfortable.

"I think coming was a good idea," George whispers into Sapnap's ear. They've settled down on one of the outdoor couches that's tucked away in the corner of Wilbur's back yard, "You think so? I'm glad." Sapnap whispers back, his voice almost wisped away with the wind.

The summer months have hit in full force by now, leaving the air sticky but still surprisingly cool. Summer in San Francisco is always strange, even stranger than the radiating heat they'd get back in England, and unlike the rest of the States, San Francisco doesn't really get super hot summers.

It leaves the evenings feeling cool and foggy, which is pleasant alongside the longer days. It stays light out for longer (and though the darkness has never stopped any of them from hanging out at night, it's always nice to actually *see* your friends) but there's still this constant breeze that is definitely preferable to the sweltering heat some other States have to deal with.

Another cold gust of wind rushes between them, leaving Sapnap visibly shivering. "We can go back inside if you want? We need to find Quackity and Karl again anyways," George offers, already standing up. Sapnap quickly nods and takes the lead back towards the house.

The back door leads back into the kitchen, which is, to no surprise, crammed full of people. George takes a moment to scan the room in search of his other two friends but to no avail. However, what does catch his attention is a sudden flash of white that appears in the corner of his eye. He quickly turns to try and get a glimpse of the culprit, but the doorway is empty.

A tug on his arm brings him back to reality and he continues his mission to find Karl and Quackity.

"Neither of them have answered my texts," Sapnap grumbles under his breath, scrolling through his hologram, "Can you check around in here for a bit, George? I'm gonna go and see if their cars are parked anywhere nearby."

George nods quickly, shooting Sapnap a quick thumbs back and receiving a big smile in return before disappearing from his sight. He sticks to his word and heads straight for the living room. There's definitely fewer people in here than there was in the kitchen, but none of them are who he's looking for.

He searches through the majority of the downstairs area but comes up with nothing. The upstairs is usually a 'no-go' at these kinds of get-togethers, but there seems to be a constant stream of people going both up and down, so George figures it should be okay.

He knocks on each of the doors, calling out to see if anyone is inside before peeping his head in. Again, he doesn't find who he's looking for. He reaches up to knock on another, when it suddenly comes flying open.

He's met with a very familiar figure.

"George?"

George's whole body switches to panic mode.

He quickly turns to leave but a gentle grip on his wrist stops him. It's loose, loose enough for him to slip away if he wants to, but his body reacts like it's been anchored.

"George, please." Dream's voice is almost desperate, but still the hurt woven between the words shines through, "You've been gone for so long- Please just let me talk to you."

George lets out a quick sigh and pulls Dream back into the room he'd just exited. It turns out to be a bathroom, and a pretty small one at that... Not ideal.

George sets himself against the wall furthest away from the door while Dream leans against the sink. They've never been this... *quiet*, around one another. It's unnerving, but just seeing Dream again after weeks of hiding away is still somewhat comforting in a way that George can't explain.

"You said you wanted to talk to me," George breaks the silence, his tone void of any obvious emotions, "so go on. Talk." Dream stays silent for another minute, quietly turning off his mask and watching George as he nervously picks at his nails.

"Where have you been?" he asks, his voice as gentle as always.

"Home." On the contrary, George's tone is cold, curt, the walls he's built around himself remaining high and mighty.

He doesn't look up to see the way Dream's face falls.

"It's been weeks, George. I was worried." The sincerity in his tone threatens to bring tears to George's eyes. He just about resists, keeping his composure.

"Is it because of what happened that night? I'm sorry I didn't mean to-" He appears to be getting more frantic, subconsciously shifting and shuffling as he tries to get his words out.

George shakes his head, looking up to finally meet Dream's eyes, who's now much closer than George remembers him being. "It's not your fault." he whispers, almost too quiet. Dream stands in shock for a few moments, his movements and words coming to a halt as he lets himself scan over George's features.

George sends a small lopsided smile his way, "How have you been lately?" he asks, an attempt to

flip the subject away from himself.

Dream frowns, but refuses to drop George's gaze, "I've been driving myself crazy without you here."

George feels his breath hitch, and he's sure that Dream hears it too. "I'm sorry for up and leaving like that." He apologises, his voice breathy, fragile, "I handled that really badly."

Dream lets out a chuckle, but it just sounds so *empty* ... "I guess I did kinda just spring it on you."

George simply hums in reply, letting the odd tension simmer in the air. He shouldn't be in here... He's definitely going to end up doing something stupid if Dream opens that pretty little mouth of his one more time-

"You look really, really good tonight." It's so quiet that George almost suspects that Dream doesn't mean for him to hear it. George smiles anyway, a genuine one this time, "You think so? Thanks..." he whispers back, equally as quiet, "I kind of thought so too."

"You really do. I haven't seen you in so long, I feel like I don't even know how to act." Dream admits, and George fully understands what he means. He feels it too...

Dream seems to have gotten even closer, though George can't tell if it's all just wishful thinking. He continues to hold Dream's stare and at some point he finds his eyes flickering down.

He knew he'd do something stupid.

Before he knows it, his lips are pressing against Dream's... And Dream is... Kissing back?

It's not desperate, it's not rushed, it's not like *anything* George would've expected, especially considering their situation. Dream kisses him softer and slower than ever, reaching back to pull George closer, almost as though he's trying to pull him into a hug. George reciprocates easily, winding his arms around Dream's neck until their chests are pressed firmly together.

He gets lost in it. It's hard not to.

The kiss switches between barely-there touches and long, drawn out dances. It's like their lips are slow dancing, moving against one another gracefully, working in unison as they share the same breath, the same sensations, the same *feelings* .

George lets himself go, a dangerous game, allowing himself to melt away into the warmth of it all. The world around him stills, his problems and worries fading away, just out of reach. He hasn't felt this *okay* in so long.

He's drifting, slowly, gently, peacefully.

Until he isn't.

The pace picks up and suddenly he's falling, plummeting, and there's nothing he can do to stop it. He pulls away suddenly, breathless and wide-eyed.

Dream loosens his grip, pulling away slightly, concern evident on his face.

George *knew* he'd do something stupid.

He pushes himself out of Dream's hold completely, looking anywhere and everywhere but his face.

From drifting, to falling, to crashing, the reality of what's just happened hits him all at once.

"I-" he stammers out, his hands growing clammy, his heart rate picking up, "I have to go"

He pushes past Dream in one swift movement, pushing him out of the way and dashing for the exit.

His ears begin to ring as he hears Dream call after him.

...

George finds himself on Wilbur's driveway, out of breath and jittery. He's been trying to send a message over to Sapnap but nothing even remotely legible comes out of it. He's stopped by the gate in an attempt to regain some stamina when the distant sound of footsteps catches his attention.

He really hopes that it's Sapnap, or even Karl or Quackity, but he just knows that's not the case.

"George!" Just as he'd thought, Dream's voice comes echoing through the night, "Please don't run away again."

He freezes up.

Don't run away again .

He lets out a shaky sigh, turning to face Dream once more, hoping the tears in his eyes aren't too obvious.

"Why?" Dream begs, "Why? Why are you running away?"

George finds himself at a loss for words, staring at Dream like a gaping fish, his thoughts an absolute mess. "I- I can't-" he manages to spit out, but finds himself stuck once more.

"You're just leading me on, George!"

George feels the wind get knocked out of him, leaving him light-headed and dizzy. He tries to read Dream's expression but he's struggling to gather his thoughts. He vaguely registers Sapnap exiting the building in the distance. He wants to run to him, wants to tell him that they're leaving and they're leaving now, but his feet are rooted to the ground. He can't move.

"You said you wanted to talk to me-" George stammers out. The tears that were once hiding away in his eyes are now on full display, leaving wet, red tracks down his cheeks.

"That doesn't-" Dream stops himself. He's not angry. He's hurt. "You *kissed* me, George." He sounds helpless, desperate, and it's all George's fault.

"I wouldn't have kissed you if you had just kept your distance!" George isn't even fully aware of what he's saying at this point. His mind is completely clouded, any sense of self has long vanished.

Dream stumbles backwards, and only now does George realise that he isn't wearing the mask. His eyes have glossed over, and George has to force himself to look away. He knows that he's fucked up big time.

"I can't keep myself away." He isn't shouting anymore and it only makes him sound ever the more hopeless.

"You don't realise how hard it's been not being able to see you..."

George stays silent.

“You’re addictive, George.” he pauses, his head dropping, “And I’m in deep.”

...

George finds himself at the mountains the following morning.

It’s early and the sun has barely risen from over the horizon. The air is pleasantly warm yet a layer of fog seems to lay over the city below. He had fallen asleep on his couch that night after asking Sapnap to take him home.

Waking up at 5:15AM in your clothes from the night before paired with the regret that’s been hanging over him really isn’t the nicest of combinations. He hadn’t originally planned on going out, but after a quick shower and changing into some sweats and a hoodie, George found himself in his car with no real idea of what direction he was going to go in.

He’d driven around aimlessly for about half an hour before finding himself at the mountain.

He can’t say he regrets it.

He finds himself sitting on the roof of his car, a situation that’s all too familiar to him. He half expects to hear the crunching of gravel from behind him as a certain someone approaches.

But it remains silent.

It’s just past 6AM and the city is just starting to awaken. The sky is dusted with various shades of pink and orange, sadly colours that George struggles to see, and the clouds slowly wander by, leaving a misty trail in their path.

George has never really had the chance to truly appreciate the early morning, especially since he’s never been a fan of waking up before noon, but something about the twittering birds and perfectly still air makes everything feel so peaceful.

The events of last night have been replaying in his mind on loop, and no matter how hard he tries, he can’t seem to brush away the thoughts. Dream’s one text, one phone call, one drive away, yet all George can seem to do is sit and wait. Wait for what? He doesn’t know.

All it would take is four little words, and this could all be over.

I like you, too .

It should be simple, why can’t George just let it be simple.

He thinks back to the last time he thought he was in love. It doesn’t even come close to how he feels now. He’s not even sure if he’s *in love* now.

He definitely likes him a lot though.

It would be so easy to just go and see him right now, but there’s still that tiny voice in the back of his head that he can never brush off. That paired with the fact that he’s done nothing but hurt Dream as of late.

George lets out a long sigh, leaning back, resting his hands against the cold metal of his car, “I promise.” he whispers, sealing it in the clouds.

“I promise, Dream.”

“Just wait for me.”

The clouds above continue to waft through the sky, taking George’s words along with them.

“For you? Anything .”

Chapter End Notes

and that is that,,,, so, what do you think? i'm sorry this took a little longer than usual to come out, but i just needed a bit more time to properly gather all of my thoughts and such. i hope that payed off though:) as always, please leave any thoughts and opinions in the comments, i always read each and every one. i hope you have a wonderful rest of your week, until next time<3

tw: [yourwishlistt](#)

forever.

Chapter Summary

Dream's spent his entire life waiting, but for George? He could wait forever.

Chapter Notes

well well well what do we have here? is that a new chapter that i see? okay that was a little cringey, but as always !!! i hope you enjoy<3 take care of yourselves, always

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Things have gotten better, for the most part. George is going out again, his sleeping patterns have returned to a semi-regular schedule, and he's healing more and more everyday. Sapnap, Karl and Quackity stop by as much as possible, always bearing snacks and having stories to share. It's definitely not easy to slip back into normality so quickly, but it's a much welcomed change, and George grasps at it as best as he can. He's doing well, and he's proud of himself.

Some things have stayed the same though. Like Techno's unexplained absence from his life and his tainted relationship with Dream. There have been multiple occasions where George has tried to reach out to Techno, only to have his messages ignored and his calls declined. He gets used to it. There have also been multiple occasions where he's *wanted* to reach out to Dream, only to stop himself at the last second.

He knows that he's not ready yet.

He's been spending his mornings up on the mountains more often recently, too. He never used to be particularly fond of the mountains, there's always so many risks and both you and your car could go plummeting to the bottom if you even so much as make one wrong move.

George is careful though, always has been and always will be. He's careful with a lot of things: his car, his business, his heart. It's something that he takes a lot of pride in, but he knows that he can also be a little *too* careful at times.

He shrugs the thought off, taking his time to maneuver the vehicle around the tight corners as he makes his way down the mountain. The numbers hovering just above his dashboard read 9:02AM in a fluorescent blue, Sapnap's tired face displayed just to the right.

"You get up so early these days." he yawns, and the loud clattering tells George that he's in his kitchen, probably making coffee or something. George huffs out a quiet laugh, "Better than falling asleep at these hours though, don't you think?" George hears his own voice echo slightly on the other end of the call.

Sapnap shrugs, "That's true." George is certain now that Sapnap is, in fact, making coffee, the tell-tale beeps of his coffee machine picking up through the microphone. Sapnap's never been much of a morning person either, even less so than George, but he's been making the effort recently to wake

up a little earlier so he can call George while he makes his morning trips.

“Any news from Techno?” he asks after a particularly loud beep. George shakes his head, letting out a sigh as he finally reaches the main road again, “Nope. I’m just getting impatient at this point.” Sapnap hums, urging George to continue, “It got weird after I told him about me and Dream, but I would’ve thought he’d have gotten over that by now. Like sure, we’ve drifted apart over the past few years, but he’s still the same Techno from back then and I’m the same well- me.”

George presses his foot a little harder against the pedal as he switches lanes, tutting quietly as he retells the story. “It’s like he forgets how important he actually is to me sometimes. Like he forgets that he’s the reason I even got here in the first place.” George takes a turn back into the main city, “I’d still be back in England working in that shitty garage down the road from my parents house if it weren’t for him and Bad.”

“I think you would’ve found your way here eventually.” George raises an eyebrow at Sapnap’s sudden comment, “You’re meant for San Francisco. You’re meant for all of this. I don’t really believe in fate, but I think you coming here is probably the closest thing to it.”

George feels an involuntary smile sneak its way onto his face, a bashful blush settling high onto his cheekbones, “You really think so?” he asks, genuine wonder in his voice. Sapnap nods right away, pulling a mug up to his lips and taking a quick sip, “Of course.” he says simply, “I don’t think there’s anyone out there more perfect for this life.”

George chuckles softly, his smile only growing, “I must’ve done something fucking incredible in my past life to deserve someone like you.” he keeps his voice quiet, like he’s sharing something private, and in away, he is. “And I must’ve done something *horrible* to get stuck with someone like you.” *Typical.*

“Hey-” George splutters, “We were having a nice moment.” but he still sounds so impossibly fond. The grin on his face hasn’t wavered, if anything it’s getting brighter and brighter by the minute.

“You’re all sentimental today,” Sapnap pipes up, chuckling lightly, “What’s up with that?” George rolls his eyes, tapping his fingers along the steering wheel, “Says you.” he scoffs, “But I don’t know, I’ve just been thinking a lot lately.”

Sapnap’s hum crackles through the speakers, “That’s new.” George glares at the hologram, “What about? All of those feelings that you’ve been harbouring?”

It’s not surprising that Sapnap can read him like an open book. It’s both frustrating and insanely helpful, sometimes both at once. It’s a trait that George has always considered both a blessing and a curse, because while he can literally never keep a secret from him, Sapnap can instantly tell when something is even slightly off.

“I suppose you could say that,” he hums, continuing to follow the familiar route home, “I think it’s getting better.” Sapnap grins, his mic picking up some light shuffling as he nods, “I think so too. It certainly seems that way.”

The smile doesn’t leave George’s face for the rest of the ride home.

...

“Fuck off! You’re gonna make me lose!” Quackity’s voice is shrill as he tries to shove Karl out of his way, the other boy doing everything in his power to obstruct Quackity’s view of the game projected in the centre of Sapnap’s living room. George has collapsed on the couch, worn out from

being in Quackity's position just moments ago.

They're playing some rhythm game that none of them are all that good at, taking it in turns to try and break each other's (admittedly very low) scores. With a few more jabs from Karl, Quackity loses his final life, the screen displaying a taunting "you lost!" in bold.

"I was so close to beating Sapnap's score, Karl!" Quackity swings for him with the controller, narrowly missing. "*So close* isn't good enough, Alex!" Karl shoots back, twisting between the furniture in an attempt to get away.

George doesn't even attempt to stifle his laugh, letting out a loud cackle as Quackity almost falls on top of him in his attempt to hit Karl.

Sapnap returns from the kitchen, four bottles of cider in hand "If you break anything in this house, you're paying for a replacement." he warns, snatching the controller from Quackity's hand and replacing it with a bottle.

Quackity sends Karl one final glare before settling down onto the couch next to George, who's now holding a bottle of his own, struggling to remove the lid. He takes the bottle from George's hands, easily popping the lid off, "How's it going with the dream boy?" he asks, voice on the verge of teasing.

George rolls his eyes, bratty as always, "It's going." he says, ignoring the way Sapnap snorts from somewhere across the room. "He hasn't spoken to him since that night at Wilbur's house." George furrows his brow at Sapnap's tone, shooting a sharp look his way.

"Hey-" he grumbles, "I'm getting there."

An arm makes its way around his shoulders and suddenly he's finding himself squished against Quackity's side, "I think you're doing great, Georgie." Despite the playful twinkle in his eyes, he sounds surprisingly genuine.

George finds himself snuggling closer, letting the pressure on his shoulders melt away.

"I've never seen George be so touchy without putting up a fight." Karl laughs, emerging from his hiding spot behind the other couch, making his way over to the pair. He slumps down on the other side of George, draping himself over his lap with a cheesy grin.

"Okay," George attempts to shove him off, "this is where I draw the line."

Obviously, they don't take this to heart.

"Oh, Georgie, we just want cuddles!" Sapnap joins in, wrapping his arms around the three of them from behind the couch, his voice an octave or two higher than usual. It's the voice he always does when he's babying George, and he can never decide if he hates it or not.

George gives up on his wriggling, letting himself slump down with a groan, "The three of you are actually just oversized children." he tries to say, though his words are muffled by someone's (probably Karl's) arm.

"I don't see the problem." Quackity cackles, somehow winding his limbs around the cluster of bodies to reach George's head, patting it gently.

George lets out an exaggerated sigh, "You're insufferable."

...

One thing that hasn't changed is George's hatred for parties.

Yet still, as always, he ends up at one.

"This is ridiculous." He whines, swerving around yet another drunk partygoer, "You're so lucky I like you."

Karl turns to him with a cheesy grin, the liquid in his cup sloshing around dangerously with the sudden movement. "Careful." George sends a glare his way, yet there's no bite behind his tone.

George loves his friends, really he does, but he truly doesn't understand the appeal of getting drunk at stranger's houses. He's expressed this multiple times, and more often than not, they're fully willing to change their plans to suit all of their interests, however, if George hears that they're all planning on going out and getting shit-faced, he's first in line to be their babysitter for the night.

Karl's somewhere in between tipsy and drunk, because while he can still communicate perfectly, his sense of direction is more than just a little skewed. It's both amusing and highly embarrassing to watch.

"If you have any more you're not going to remember anything about this night from this point onwards." George takes Karl's cup from his hands, pouring the concoction down a nearby sink, "I still need to get you home tonight, don't forget that."

The goofy smile remains on Karl's lips as he stumbles along to the music, gripping onto George's shoulders and shaking him in an attempt to make him dance along too. This attempt turns out to be futile. "I'm already embarrassed enough, Karl, there's no need to make it worse-" George attempts to say between giggles, pulling Karl's arms away and then proceeding to tug him out of the kitchen.

...

Dream's been watching from the side-lines. He's found that he's been doing that a lot lately, sinking into the shadows, becoming merely a bystander. It's somewhat of a strange feeling, stepping out of your own shoes and just watching from afar, but you just *notice* so much more.

Like how Sapnap always keeps an eye on his friends' drinks, weary of who and where they'd got them from. Or like how Wilbur taps his fingers on his plastic cup to the beat of the music, almost absentmindedly. Even things as subtle as the way Sam's eyebrow quirks up a little when he's laughing. You also start noticing who else is simply a spectator.

Dream quickly comes to realise that Techno is, without a doubt, one of these people. It's a little unnerving, Techno watches like he's searching for something, careful and scrutinising. He doesn't let himself dwell on it for long though, it's not like much about Techno has ever really made sense anyways: the secret trips, the cold nature, the distance.

Dream's attention returns to George. He's been lingering by the kitchen with Karl for a short while now, and although Dream can't hear it, it's clear that George is laughing. He's dressed up again tonight, wearing a loose, navy blue collared shirt tucked into a pair of tight, black jeans. The jewellery he's wearing is obviously expensive, the silver metal looking cold against his flushed skin.

Dream's fingers itch to pull him away, slip them into an empty bedroom, or even his car, and kiss him silly. Leave him panting and flustered, looking practically sinful under his watchful gaze.

He can't do that though... Not now.

A presence appears beside him, though the person standing there doesn't look familiar.

He's tall, but still notably shorter than Dream, his features relatively bland, generic.

"He's pretty right?" Something about the stranger doesn't sit quite right with Dream. He grunts, turning to face the man with a tilted brow, "Who are you?" he asks.

"Him and I used to have a thing a while back." he says instead, dismissing Dream's question completely, a disgusting sense of pride drips from his words. Dream can't help the scowl that settles onto his face.

"A *thing*?" Dream asks, there's already something hostile laced between his words. The stranger doesn't appear to pick up on it.

"Yeah, it didn't end too well though." he continues to talk with so much confidence that it's almost cringeworthy, certainly irritating. "What a shame. I'd happily fuck him six ways to Sunday if ever given a second chance." Dream lets out a disgusted huff at the comment, though the man remains painfully oblivious to the piercing gaze on the side of his face.

Dream knows exactly who this is.

He's moving before the guy even has the chance to finish his sentence, shoving him against the wall behind them. Dream's grip on his shirt leaves his knuckles white and burning, "You make me sick." he spits, loving the way the stranger's eyes widen in fear.

The man tries his best to wriggle away, quickly becoming very sheepish, though it doesn't take him long to realise that Dream is much stronger than he is. "Listen man! I wasn't being serious." He splutters, trying to pry Dream's hand away from his chest, "I didn't know you were friends with-

"Let's both just hope I never see you again." Dream interrupts, giving him one final shove before telling him to leave.

He's never seen someone exit a room quite so fast.

Dream takes in one deep breath, running his hands over his face with a quiet groan. He needs to get George.

...

"Dream, what's wrong?" George's voice is panicked as he tries to get a better view of Dream's face, "Why have you dragged me out? Did something happen?" Dream stays quiet, continuing to pull George down the street, keeping an eye out for George's car.

George gives up on his questioning not long after, trying his best to match Dream's stride, pretending not to notice the gentle hold Dream has on his hand. They're only walking for another minute or so before Dream finally spots the Vantage, pulling George over towards it.

"George, *he* was here."

George furrows his brow, "*He* ? Who are you talking about-" he pauses, the realisation hitting him, "Oh."

“He came up and spoke to me, I’m assuming he doesn’t know that I know you.” Dream says quietly, his gaze distant, “It didn’t take me long to realise who he was.”

George is visibly nervous at this point, his hands twitching at his sides, unable to speak. “George...” Dream’s heart breaks just a little at his panicked state, “Hey, it’s okay.” He opens his arms up just a little, a small smile on his face. George takes the offer up instantly, collapsing into Dream’s hold.

“I just-” George sighs, “I haven’t seen him in so long. Just the thought of him being around, *seeing me* ...” Dream holds him closer to his chest, resting his chin atop of the smaller man’s head, his thumb rubbing small circles into his back. “It’s okay. You’re okay. I made him leave.”

It’s George who pulls away first, but he makes sure to stay within arms length, “You made him leave?” George repeats, his voice painfully soft. Dream gives a small nod, taking a step back, “I saw him walk out, but he could be lingering. If you want to go home I can go back and tell Sappnap-”

“You aren’t coming with me?” George interrupts, and the words have left his mouth before he’s even processed them. Dream freezes up, his back to George, “You’ve said it yourself, George, we should stay away from each other for a while.”

George’s heart drops in his chest.

“It’s clear that I still have feelings for you, and I don’t know if I’ll be able to hold back-.”

“Then don’t.” George cuts him off.

The words feel unfamiliar on George’s tongue, yet so welcome. Something akin to relief rushes down his spine, the months of holding back finally catching up to him.

Dream turns back around to face him, his expression unreadable, “What?”

“Then don’t hold back.” George gulps, but his eyes shine with sincerity, “I won’t run anymore.”

Something from within Dream *blossoms*, a wonderstruck blush blooming on his cheeks. His expression shifts to something filled with awe, scanning George’s face with the faintest hint of a smile.

“Does this- Are you-” He stumbles over his words, subconsciously moving closer to George, reaching forwards to hold his hands. George lets a smile of his own form on his face, “Can we talk all of this through?” he asks, a hint of shyness in his words, “Properly this time...”

Dream grins, nodding vigorously, “Of course! God, of course!” He looks as though he’s about to burst, buzzing with an odd combination of excitement and nerves. “Can we- Right now? Can we talk right now?”

George lets out a quiet giggle, nodding towards his car, “Sure,” he says, “Climb on in.” The two of them clamber in quickly, the entire situation feeling distantly familiar, the rush of feelings returning with full force.

“Fuck, I don’t even care about the outcome of all of this anymore,” Dream sighs, his mask flickering away as he slumps down into the seat, “I’m just so glad you don’t hate me.” A pleasantly warm silence settles between them, emotions swirling through the air, it’s refreshing, it’s scary, it’s *real*.

“I don’t think I could ever hate you, Dream.” He shifts the car into reverse, skilfully pulling away from the pavement and onto the main road. “When did you get so cheesy?” Dream says with a low, breathy chuckle, his eyes trained to George’s side profile, tracing his features.

George stays quiet, something unmistakably fond twinkling in his eyes.

“If it means anything,” Dream whispers, his words barely audible above the grumble of the engine, “I think you could break my heart a hundred times over and I’d still be completely smitten for you.”

Dream shifts slightly, the motion catching George’s eye, “Don’t let me hold that kind of power over you.” his own voice is just as quiet as Dream’s, just as fragile, “We don’t know how this’ll work out...”

“I’m willing to stick around for the ride either way,” There’s something so sad hidden behind Dream’s smile, the uncertainty seeping in through the cracks, “as long as you still want me *around*, that is.”

“Of course I want you around.” He can still feel Dream’s eyes on him, and in an odd way, it’s comforting, “But I’m scared I’m breaking you in the process.”

Another heavy silence settles over them.

“You make me ache in the best and worst ways possible, George.”

“You know I don’t mean to...”

Neither of them speak for the rest of the journey.

...

George slowly brings the car to a stop, the surrounding world closing in on them.

Dream breaks the tension with a light-hearted comment “This situation feels just a little too familiar for my liking.”

They’re in the same place they had been when Dream confessed. With the same forested canopy, the same gentle breeze, the very same bench that George had walked away from.

“I didn’t even really mean to drive here,” George admits, a smile ghosting his lips, “I guess it just sort of happened.”

They continue to sit there for another minute, letting the reality of everything settle in once more, “Well, let’s get to talking, shall we?” Dream says, already opening the car door and making his way towards the bench. George quickly follows suit.

George finds himself going through the same actions as he had done that night. He takes a moment to squint up at the night sky, peeking between the canopy of leaves, he pretends not to notice the way Dream’s thigh is pressed up against his own, or the way his own hands quickly grow cold and twitchy with nerves.

“In a lot of ways, I don’t regret it.” His voice sounds unfamiliar even to his own ears, he keeps his eyes trained to the sky above, hoping maybe if he stares for long enough, the stars will shine through the smog, “Walking away that night, I don’t regret it.”

Dream doesn't say anything.

"I know I needed the time," he whispers, "and I'm sorry for making you wait--"

"I would wait forever if I had to."

George's mouth falls open, a quick breath of air escaping through his lips, "I don't plan on making you wait that long."

George finally meets Dream's gaze. The intensity behind his eyes is overwhelming, leaving George breathless.

He loves it.

"Does this mean--" Dream pauses, hoping George catches on to what he's trying to say.

"That I like you?" George chuckles, teetering on the edge of shy, "Because, God, I like you so fucking much..."

The sound that escapes Dream's mouth is worrying similar to a gasp, "It feels like I wasn't supposed to hear that." George chuckles, low and breathy, relieved. "You deserve it though." a gust of wind winds its way between the trees, tickling George's cheeks, "Especially after all of *that*."

The atmosphere returns to something familiar, yet something so new at the same time. The rush of it all is overwhelming, George feels reckless, the tidal wave of his own emotions threatening to crash down on him. He wonders if Dream can feel it too.

He lets his mind wander, back to that night at this very same picnic ground, to the weeks he'd spend drowning in his own thoughts, to the frighteningly passionate kisses shared in Dream's car after his races, even back to that hazy night on the freeway when they'd first met.

The butterflies come rushing back.

Hey, it's been a while since we've last seen you.

He supposes that all of it has been leading up to this.

"Who was he, George?"

Dream doesn't need to elaborate, George knows exactly who he's talking about.

"He's not important in our story." George whispers, focus set on the slow-moving clouds above, watching as they glide over the night sky.

"He's important to yours though." Dream matches his tone, though his focus remains on George, always on George.

The smaller man lets out a quiet huff, "That chapter of it all is over though, what's the point in rereading it?"

The ocean in George's mind appears to be growing calmer, the tsunami that had once left him helpless and weak slowly retreating, leaving gentle waves that lap against the shore.

"I think you've been reading books incorrectly."

George hums, a silent question.

“The chapters aren’t individual stories. They’re part of a larger puzzle, all interlinked, dependent on one another.” there’s a pause, “You can’t have one without the other. Each chapter builds the characters, their lives, the world. You can’t just *forget* that certain things have happened just because they’re in the past.”

George tries to respond, but the words get stuck in his throat, leaving him winded. He blinks quickly, turning his head, finding Dream already watching him, waiting.

Always waiting .

“Maybe.” He says after a beat of silence, the word sounding almost wistful.

It’s an odd analogy, and something tells George that Dream has spent countless hours thinking about it. It’s intricate, well analysed, something he’d only ever hear from Dream.

“Maybe...” he repeats, the corners of his lips tugging upwards involuntarily, “Maybe I’ll introduce you one day. One day far, far into the future.”

Dream grins, unadulterated joy hiding in its crevices, “I’d like that.” he says, “Properly this time.”

“Properly.” George agrees.

The air around them is still once more, George lets himself bask in it for a moment, ignoring the discomfort of the unspoken words that lingers. He’s come this far, he can’t back out now.

Unsurprisingly, it’s Dream who speaks up first, “What does this mean for us?”

“A lot.” It’s a cop out answer, and George knows it, but the frown that settles on Dream’s lips has him retracting the statement almost instantly.

He sighs, looking back out towards the sky. Maybe the stars *are* out tonight, he swears he can see something twinkling between the leaves.

“In a lot of ways, I’m not sure if I’m entirely ready for what *us* really entails,” George’s gaze remains high above them, focused on trying to catch a glimpse of the sparkles, “and really, I don’t want to make you wait even longer-”

“How many times do I need to repeat this, George,” The fondness in Dream’s tone catches him completely off guard, his lips parting in surprise. He’s never heard anything quite like it, “I would wait forever if I had to.”

Dream is truly too good for this world.

George keeps any further protests to himself, smiling softly at the taller man, “Just- I just need a little more time, I promise.” Dream takes George’s hands into his own, resting them on his lap, “As long as you’ll let me stay by your side until then?”

The look they share is soft, buzzing with warmth, a gentle acceptance of their feelings, “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

...

The next few weeks trickle by, and things are surprisingly easy.

Dream doesn't waste any more time, securing himself right back into George's daily routine. The return of the impromptu phone calls and sudden 2AM visits takes a little while to get used to, as does the fluttery feeling that's made itself at home in his stomach once again, but George has never been so happy to engage.

He had called Sapnap right after it had all happened, "Sapnap! I did it-" he had said, excited, his voice jittery. He'd replied with something sarcastic at first, complaining about how he'd been left to deal with a drunk Karl all alone, but after just a moment of explaining, he completely switched up.

George hasn't seen him so excited in a long time.

However, amidst all of the overwhelming feelings that have come alongside actually *seeing Dream* again, George has made sure to still see his friends as much as possible. He has to admit, he's gotten used to seeing their dumb faces so often, pushing them away now is completely out of the question.

"This is practically a fucking hike, George!" Quackity wheezes from somewhere behind him, comically out of breath, "Why are you making me do this?"

"It's a flight of stairs." George replies bluntly, a few steps ahead, "You're just out of shape. And you were the one who asked for a change of clothes, stop acting like I'm forcing you up here"

Quackity lets out another exaggerated groan when they arrive in George's bedroom, collapsing on the ground as though he's just finished a marathon. George kicks at the pitiful lump with a small laugh, "You're ridiculous." Quackity doesn't make an effort to move, "Are you gonna get up and help me find you some clothes? Or are you giving me full reign to dress you up in whatever I want?"

He's off the floor in an instant.

George sets Quackity on a mission to find some pants that fit him, letting him rummage through the chest of drawers in the corner of his room. "I think I have that shirt you left here a while back still in my laundry room, I'll go look for it." Quackity hums, returning his attention to the pile of clothes he'd set out on the carpet.

It takes him a moment to find what he's actually looking for, though George's drawers are organised, they're also very big. He rummages through each of the compartments, finally finding the section of pyjama bottoms.

He and George are around the same size, so he's mostly looking more so at the comfort factor rather than paying attention to the sizing. He reaches the bottom of the pile, pulling out a few pairs that take his liking, when something catches his attention.

It's a photo frame, hidden deep below the bundles of clothes.

He takes a moment to look over the photograph, his eyes settling on the man in the middle.

It's an old photo, that's for certain, displaying a much younger George and Techno, grinning at the camera. With them stands another man, a man that looks tantalisingly familiar.

The photo's dark, painted with shadows, clearly taken at night, and the man's face is somewhat blurry, as though he's mid-movement. Quackity takes it out with a frown, holding the photo up to the light, squinting particularly hard at the stupidly familiar face.

His eyes trail his body, *there's no way* ... Something around the man's wrist catches his eye, it's a bracelet.

A bracelet that he's seen before.

"You like it? It's one of a kind."

"I've found the-" George freezes in the doorway, "What are you doing?"

Quackity doesn't take his eyes away from the bracelet, "George, who's in this photo?"

George doesn't move from his place by the door, his gaze darting between Quackity and the photograph in his hands, "It's me, Techno and Bad-" George pauses, "I took that down ages ago, what are you-"

"Didn't you say that neither you nor Techno have seen Bad since he left?" Quackity interrupts him. He hasn't stopped looking at the photo.

George furrows his brow, finally taking a step forward, gently taking the frame from Quackity's hands, "Yeah." His answer comes out in one short breath.

He sounds almost uncertain.

"I think you've been lied to, George."

Chapter End Notes

that was quite the ride.... what did you think? how are you feeling about how this is all coming together? what do you think will happen? please let me know, i'd love to hear it<3 i really do like this chapter, and it turned out a little longer than the rest,,, i hope you had as much fun reading it as i had writing it:)
much love,

tw: [yourwishlistt](#)

travels.

Chapter Summary

Impromptu plane rides paired with buzzing nerves is quite the combination.

Chapter Notes

welcome back once again !!! i'm sorry this chapter has taken me a little longer to get out,, i hope you enjoy it nonetheless:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What’s this I’m hearing about a trip to Florida?” Dream’s voice crackles through George’s watch, panicked, frantic, “George, what the fuck, what’s happened?”

George stops in his tracks, whatever he was doing already forgotten, “How did you find out?”

Dream scoffs on the other side of the line, though there’s no bite to it, “Alex has never been great at keeping his mouth shut.”

George furrows his brow, letting out a quiet laugh, “Don’t say that, he’s great.” Dream lets out an unsure sound, his tone playful. They’re already getting off track...

“How much-” George pauses, rethinking his words, “How much did he tell you?”

There’s some rustling on the other end of the call, “Just that you’re planning on flying out to Florida in the next few days.” A weighted silence sits between them, Dream is clearly waiting for an explanation but George can’t seem to get his mouth to function.

Dream continues, “When were you gonna tell me?” George sighs, long and tired, staring at Dream’s face on the hologram, “I’ve been so worked up about packing and getting tickets that I-” he bites down on his lip, “I haven’t even thought about-”

“I hope you know I’m coming with you, right?”

A strained cough comes from the back of George’s throat, followed by a breathless exhale, “You-Dream do you even know why I’m going? Why are you-”

“Clearly it’s important to you,” George has always been slightly jealous of Dream’s ability to keep his cool, it’s an admirable trait, really, especially in situations where George’s mind feels like it’s on the verge of breaking down, “so I want to be there. And come on, George, it’s Florida! Orlando at that, I know that city like the back of my hand.”

He can always count on Dream to leave him at a loss for words...

“Dream...” His name comes out airy, a clear smile in his voice. He sounds heartbreakingly fond, even to his own ears.

“This means that you’re letting me come,” Dream chuckles after a short moment of silence, sounding almost unsure, “right?”

George pulls himself up, eyes already scanning the room for his car keys, “I need to see you.” Dream lets out a surprised sound on the other end, “Right now.”

...

And that’s how Dream ended up back in George’s living room, watching the broken man in front of him try to hold his composure, words tumbling from his lips, unable to hold anything back.

Dream, as always, listens intently, his eyes glossed over, eyes darting over his features, alarmingly panicked.

“-and then he must have moved up to Florida after the accident-” George is speaking so quickly it’s almost hard to understand, his hands shaking in his lap, unshed tears building on his lash line, threatening to spill over.

“George,” Dream reaches over, cupping the smaller man’s face in his hands, breaking at the sight before him, George holds them there, the movement involuntary, and stares up at Dream with wide eyes.

“please, take a moment to let yourself breathe.” George appears to take the words in, his pupils dilating as he stares directly back at Dream, “Have you done anything but think about this for the past twenty-four hours? Please George, breathe with me.”

They remain like that for what would be anywhere between a few minutes to an hour, focused on the way they can feel each other’s gentle exhales on their skin. “Thank you.” It’s barely a whisper, mostly just a subtle movement of his lips, but the smile that takes over afterwards is worth all the pain in the world.

Dream finds himself smiling back, leaving a gentle kiss on George’s forehead, his lips pressing against the warm skin for no longer than a second, “Always.”

George tightens his hold around the hands on his cheeks, weaving his own finger’s between Dream’s larger ones, he can’t help the content sigh that passes through his lips.

“Did you want to see the photo?” His voice is still just as quiet, he sounds tired and Dream can’t bear to think about how long George must’ve been awake for now.

“Please.” Dream matches his tone, “I doubt Alex misrecognized him but...” George nods right away, pulling the two of them off the couch and tugging them upstairs.

He never lets go of Dream’s hand.

The photograph lays face down on George’s bed.

“You haven’t stopped looking at it, have you?” George doesn’t reply.

Dream takes a moment to scan over the room, trying to ignore the icy chill that has settled on his skin. All of the windows are wide open, the curtains jostling around with the wind, he’s never seen George’s bedroom look quite so cold...

There’s clothes scattered around everywhere, some organised in neat piles, others strewn across random pieces of furniture, an empty suitcase left abandoned on the floor.

The bed isn't made, though it rarely ever is, but somehow, it doesn't look *slept* in.

The atmosphere just feels so, so *cold* .

George is the first one to move, pulling Dream along with him, seating himself down on the end of the mattress, the sheets bunching up by his hips, "Well..." he says, a small attempt of a smile on his lips, "Here it is."

He places his free hand atop of the frame, hesitating before picking it up properly. Dream takes it from him gently, sitting down next to George, their thighs pressed together.

The glass is cracked.

Dream lets his eyes trail over the three figures in the photo, first there's George, clearly much younger, grinning wildly at the camera, the red on his cheeks still visible in the darkness. On the other side there's Techno, also grinning, it's the brightest smile Dream has ever seen on him...

He doesn't let himself move onto the third person for a minute, not prepared for what he's about to see. He traces the crack, following it with his finger until lands on an awfully familiar face.

"Daryll..." he breathes out.

George's breath audibly hitches beside him and Dream can feel him tense up. "It's him, right?"

Dream nods, not saying a word.

"He goes by Daryll now, huh?" George continues on, choking out a broken laugh, "It suits him."

The unshed tears finally fall, "I just don't understand... Why would Techno lie?" Dream tightens his grip on George's hand, squeezing it reassuringly. "Why would he not want to see me? Am I the real reason he left? Why would they both shut me out? I just- I just don't understand."

"Do you want to see him?" Dream's eyes haven't left the photo, "I can get you to him."

George's head shoots up, eyes wide, "You would do that?"

Dream meets his gaze, fiery, determined.

"Let's look for plane tickets."

...

"You have everything, right?" Sapnap's been following George around like a lost puppy for nearly two hours now, pointing at every other item on the shelves, asking "What about this? Do you need to take this?"

His worry is understandable though, as every trip George has been on in the past five or so years has been *with* Sapnap... George has to admit, he is also very nervous, though definitely for different reasons than Sapnap is.

He's going to see Bad again...

He's been considering telling Techno about his plans, about this new found knowledge that he's a *filthy fucking liar* , about all of it. He won't though, of course he won't! Why does he have any right to know about any of this? And who knows, he'll probably end up telling Bad that George is coming and then... And then...

And then?

George doesn't even want to think about it.

Doesn't want to think about what Bad's reaction will be when he shows up at his front door, doesn't want to think about what his explanation for shutting him out might be, he doesn't want to think about any of it.

"A toothbrush!" Sapnap calls out as they finally lock the front door behind them, "You've packed a toothbrush right?"

George turns to him with a soft smile, catching a glimpse of Dream chucking the final bits and pieces into the trunk of his car, "Yes Sapnap, for the fifth time, I've packed a toothbrush."

Sapnap lets out one final, defeated sigh, deflating slightly on the spot as he pulls George into a warm hug, "Have a safe trip." He whispers into George's shoulder, giving him a tight squeeze, "How long are you gone for, again? A week?"

George nods, hoping that his friend can feel it through the hug, "If we stay any longer, or come back early, you'll be the first person to know."

They pull apart, and the expression on Sapnap's face is laughably similar to a mother's on their child's first day of school. George wastes no time teasing him about it. "Don't look at me like that, you've spent a week, even longer than that, without me before." George chuckles, pushing Sapnap away with a playful glint in his eye.

Sapnap doesn't look quite as pleased, "Yeah, but I always relished in the fact that I knew you were safe at home. If anything I could just come over and you'd be here, I can't do that when you're in fucking Orlando." Dream had appeared behind them at some point in the conversation, placing a secure hand on George's shoulder, a subtle attempt at pulling him into his side.

"If it makes you feel any better, I can give you daily check ins?" George says, sticking his hand out for Sapnap to take, trying to keep the tone light. "Make that hourly and we have a deal." Sapnap takes it, the first glimpse of a real smile appearing on his lips.

They take a moment to bask in it, a moment of pure trust and safety. George lets himself forget all of his worries, just for a second.

"Are you ready to go, Dream?" The voice clearly catches the taller man off guard, his eyes a little wide as he looks back at George. He rubs his thumb soothingly along George's shoulder, "Are you?" he asks, his full attention directed at George.

"As ready as I'll ever be."

...

George remembers his very first race.

He had been in his late teens at the time, nervous and jittery, just as all new racers always are, watching from the side-lines with Techno, toying with the idea of pulling out.

"You know, maybe I'll stick to fixing cars..." he had said, eyes locked to the steady stream of racers zooming down the track. It had been a simple drag race, a long, straight road with a clear motive: cross that finish line.

The idea had sprung about from Sapnap, and while George certainly had been adding more and more mods to his car, he had never intended on actually putting them to use in *this* kind of situation. George loved to drive, he still loves to drive, but he much preferred it when it was just him, alone on the race-track, late at night where no one could see him.

Sometimes, though very rarely, he'd treat Sapnap to a personal race, nothing official, obviously, just a quick speeding session down the freeway, and that was as far as his actual *racing* experience went. However, despite his lack of practice, he'd always win.

Techno would always tell him that he was a natural; "Built for the road!" he'd say, but George never had that final burst of confidence to finally sign up for an official race.

Well, that had been until a very drunk Bad had pestered him until he could no longer bear to say no... It had been an on the spot decision, a last minute resort to try and shut his friend up, and looking back, George is glad that he did it.

Techno sighed from beside him, busy tapping away on his watch, "You don't have to do it if you don't want to. You know that, kid?" Techno had never been the one to come to for comfort, even back then.

They continued to stand there in silence, George's turn coming closer and closer by the minute. It was a simple enough race, and George had already stared at it long enough to know exactly when and where on the track to accelerate and slow down to take an easy win, but that didn't make him any less nervous.

It just felt too *official* ... Like making a commitment he could never back out of.

"George!" A cheery voice came from behind them, "There you are! They're waiting for you down in the driver's area, are you coming?"

George turned to him with a hesitant smile, rocking back and forth on his feet as he attempted to unscramble his words. His eyes flickered to Techno for any kind of reassurance, only to find him still busy, tapping away aggressively.

"Bad," George had sighed, letting himself slump over against the railing, "I don't know if I can do this..."

Bad's grin dropped, his eyes glossing over with concern, "What do you mean?" He reached forward, taking hold of George's forearms, hesitant yet so, so caring, "George, if there's anyone who's perfect for this, it's you."

George remained settled against the cold metal, trying his best to ignore the rumble of engines down below.

"George, please... Even if it's just one race, you never have to do this ever again, I know how badly you want to." Bad tugs him away gently, brushing off the small scowl that appears on George's face.

Of course he wanted to...

"Come on," he whispers, encouraging, warm, "At least come to the drivers area? It might change your mind. You've been thinking too hard."

Begrudgingly, George had followed.

The driver's area has always had an atmosphere unlike any other, and for a first time racer, it was more than just a little overwhelming. George had only been down there once before, sneaking in with Sapnap during one of his first visits to the track, but they had gotten themselves caught embarrassingly quickly.

The stench of burnt tires and fuel hung about the air, and while unpleasant, it wasn't a smell George wasn't used to. An almost uncomfortable warmth settled on his skin, the four start-up mechanics watching him with wide eyes. "George is actually *racing*?" One of them whispered.

It was hard to drown it out.

He watched as the next set of cars were lowered down onto the concrete, their respective drivers appearing from somewhere in the small crowd behind him. They each climbed into their vehicles, clearly both confident and experienced, grinning at the other drivers who continued to wait on the side-lines.

After a brief check-up they were given the thumbs up and they rolled up towards their starting positions, and the elevator that had once brought the two cars down retracted back into the ceiling to collect the next pairing.

George's own car would be lowered down soon...

"It's a cool system, right?" Bad's voice caught him off guard, but it's clear that he'd just been trying to ease George's obvious nerves, "The way they get the cars down here, fascinating engineering."

George had shrugged, "Yeah, it's cool." he said, not nearly as interested in the whole ordeal as Bad.

As more and more racers shot off from the finish line, George found that the pent up tension was quickly turning into a competitive spark. He watched as the cars fell into a rhythm, examining each and every detail on the projector above, over analysing every choice they made.

Looking back, it had been a little silly of him to make such a calculated plan for such a simple drag race, but it's where this had all started, and to this day the memory remains a fond one in George's mind.

"Look at you, getting all into it." Bad nudged his shoulder, a proud grin plastered on his face, "You're up next, you're gonna do it, right?"

There was a flash of something dark behind George's eyes, "Of course." he says, probably a little too cocky for a first time racer, "And I'm going to win."

Just as the words had left his mouth, he spotted his car coming down on the elevator, his pride and joy. He adjusted his goggles firmly on his head, throwing a head-strong smirk Bad's way, and climbed straight in.

He was faced with the familiar interior of his old 2009 Nissan Maxima. That car had been his very first, and to this day, George still holds her dear to his heart.

His eyes met the road ahead, the finish line staring directly back, taunting him.

He can do this.

The race director gave them the signal, both of them rolling up to the start line. George hadn't even

taken a glance towards the other racer, he really hadn't been interested in whatever they had to offer.

This was just him and the road.

The hologram above began its countdown, the numbers only fuelling George's need to win, his fingers gripping the steering wheel tightly, his eyebrows furrowed, a wild grin on his face.

Maybe he is perfect for this .

3... 2... 1...

George's foot pressed straight onto the accelerator, his car shooting into the distance. All he could hear was the roar of his own engine, the smell of his own smoke, the taste of victory already simmering on his tongue.

The race was over just as quickly as it had started, and George shot past the finish line, completely missing the excited shouts of his friends and the beeping that alerted everyone of his victory.

...

"You're thinking awfully hard." Dream settles himself on the bench next to George, passing him a water bottle, his voice sounding oddly metallic, strangely echoey within the high ceilings of the airport.

George shakes his head gently, taking the bottle with a quiet thankful whisper, "Just looking back at some old memories."

Dream presses their shoulders together with a chuckle, watching through the windows as another plane takes off, "Care to tell?"

George nudges him back playfully, but not hard enough to break the contact, "My first race," he says quietly, "and just how it all went down... It was really quite something."

A cluster of travellers bustle past them, chatting a little too loudly for George's liking, taking away from the surreal peace that always comes alongside being at the airport. Dream's gentle voice brings him right back to reality, "First races are always so strange. Like the combination of the crazy nerves, but also the excitement is so exhilarating. Also the rush that you feel afterwards, you're just buzzing with adrenaline for the next few hours."

George smiles, knowing exactly the feeling that Dream is talking about, "Do you remember your first race?" he asks, his heart swelling with pride at the dopey, nostalgia filled expression that makes itself at home on Dream's face.

"Of course I do." he says, moving his head to meet George's gaze, their faces a little too close, "It was just a lap around the track, which looking back, was definitely illegally ran. I lost, but that only drove me to practice and improve. I worked crazy hard to get to where I am now," he grins, bright as always, "and I'll be honest, I mostly did it in the hopes that I'd get to impress you one day."

"Well, I'm very impressed." George finds himself grinning back, unable to tear his eyes away.

It's crazy to think how far the two of them have come. Not just from when they'd first met, but also from way, way back then.

"I promise I won't make you wait forever." George's words come out of nowhere, surprising even

himself. Dream's eyebrows twitch up in shock, but the expression is quickly replaced with something fond.

"I know, George." he whispers, his tone matching the look on his face, "You've told me already.

"I just want you to know that I mean it."

...

George's watch reads 10:34PM by the time they're boarding the plane and his body is just begging for rest. He'd never been a fan of plane rides, but Dream had insisted on getting them the best seats that money could buy, so he was really, really hoping that the journey could at least be bearable.

They wouldn't be landing in Florida for another 6 hours, all he's hoping for at least somewhat of a semblance of comfort.

"Are you ready to see my home?" Dream grins cheekily, slipping into the pod they'd be stuck in for the rest of the journey. George shoots back a weary smile, settling into his seat a little awkwardly, "I suppose."

Dream places their hand-luggage into the provided compartments, quickly making himself comfortable, looking far more at ease than George feels. "I still have my old house over there, so we'll be staying in that for the next week. I promise the place is nice but if you'd rather have your own space I'd be happy to book you a hotel or-"

"Dream." George cuts him off with a gentle smile, noticing the subtle way Dream tenses up, "It'll be perfect, I promise." Dream relaxes in his seat, reaching over to give George's hand a light squeeze, "Sorry," he says, dropping his gaze, "I'm a little nervous."

George tickles the underside of his chin, his hand then trailing down to fiddle with the necklace that hangs around Dream's neck, the hologram unused, "You sure don't seem it."

Dream lets out a hearty chuckle, "People show their nerves in different ways, Georgie."

He supposes that Dream is right.

"How long has it been since you've last spoken to Bad- sorry, I mean Daryll?"

Dream lets out a small puff of air, raising his eyebrows a little as he does the math in his head, "Well the last I heard from him was during that last fight... So-" he pauses, "it's been just over a year now? I think..."

George nods, his eyes tracking Dream's movements, even the subtle ones, "It's gonna be weird to see him again, right?"

It's Dream's turn to nod, a sad smile settling on his lips, "Of course," he says, sounding a little defeated, "I'm worried that he'll still hate me or something..."

George watches him with something so sad hidden behind his eyes, "He's never been one to hold a grudge."

George really hopes it's true...

...

They land in Orlando at almost 5AM.

The whole morning feels like such a blur, a flurry of speed walking, passports and car rides leave it feeling much like a fever dream. If you asked George for a recap of the past few hours, he wouldn't be able to tell you.

It's nearing 8 o'clock and they've finally settled themselves into their temporary home for the week. The house is gorgeous, noticeably larger than George's back in San Francisco, though it's almost completely barren, lacking furniture and that 'lived in' feel.

"You wanted to go right away, right?" Dream's voice echoes from another room, "Or did you feel like resting for a little beforehand?" George perks up on his spot on the couch, he'd somehow managed to find comfort in the rock-solid material, his sleep deprivation getting the best of him.

"Now." He says without hesitation, "Can we go now, please?"

Dream, of course, is happy to comply.

They'd rented out a car to use during their trip, a (completely unnecessary) McLaren 570S Spider that cost Dream more than the rest of the trip combined. It's an extremely nice car, and George had let out an almost comical gasp when he had spotted it sitting in the driveway, but when finding out the price tag of the rented vehicle, it really put into perspective how rich Dream actually is.

The interior smells near brand new, the seats spotless, the dashboard clear of any dust or dirt. Dream takes the drivers side, George in the passenger, and the new ride takes a while to get used to.

"I could imagine Quackity in a car like this." George says, distracting himself from his own thoughts.

Dream chuckles beside him, "For someone who mocked him for that nickname at first, you've really grown to like it, huh."

"It's funny." George replies simply, shrugging a little. "You and him don't talk too much anymore, do you?"

They twist and turn between the suburban streets, it's almost eerie how similar each of the houses look, perfectly trimmed lawns, matching mailboxes, some of them even fenced in. It's definitely one of the more expensive neighbourhoods.

"People drift apart I suppose," Dream stays focused on the road, "and either way, you, Karl and Sapnap have taken him in quite happily."

A fond look flashes over George's features as he makes a mental note to text them all later, Dream continues to speak beside him, "It's really heart-warming to see how you guys took to him so well, like seeing the old come together with the new, you know?"

The whole scenario reminds him a little too much of what he knows is about to happen in a matter of mere minutes.

He chooses to keep his worries to himself, "Yeah, I get that."

Neither of them say anything for the rest of the car ride, the gentle hum of the engine lulling George into a false sense of peace. Dream's fingers tap along the steering wheel, his leg beginning to bounce as they presumably get closer and closer to their destination.

The car comes to a slow halt.

George's stomach drops.

"Well," Dream's voice is distant, otherworldly to George's ears, "we're here..."

"I guess we are."

There's silence.

"Take all the time you need." Dream's soothing tone momentarily pulls George out of his trance, the reality of the situation seeping into his skin, into his blood, coursing through him, hot and rapid.

With one final sigh, George is swinging the passenger side door open and climbing out, not allowing himself to rethink his actions. Dream follows shortly after.

The pair stand at the main gate, Dream's hand reaching up to the small keypad, ready to tap in the familiar numbers. George stops him.

"Wait." Dream's movements halt instantly, his eyes darting over George's face, searching, "Can I... Can I try something, please?"

Dream steps out of the way silently, his eyes never leaving George, not even for a second. George's fingers move on their own accord, typing his own birthday onto the keys.

The gate clicks open.

"He hasn't changed it..." He whispers, breathless.

Dream raises an eyebrow up at him, a silent question.

"Techno, Bad and I- Well... We used to have all of our house passwords set to my birthday... It seems that both of them have kept up that tradition."

George pushes the gate open before Dream has the chance to respond, the staircase leading to the house looming over him, taunting him. Nothing about today feels real.

Dream makes sure to stay right by George's side as they make their way up towards the front door, surprisingly alert, a cold sort of sternness painted on his features.

The icy demeanour melts at the sound of George's voice, "Could you ring the bell? Please..." he says, hiding himself behind Dream's body. A warm hand reaches back and holds onto George's own, the grip leaving a rush of warmth to trickle over his skin, leaving fire in its wake.

"Are you sure?" Dream keeps his voice quiet.

"I'm sure."

Dream's finger brushes against the red button, the moments of silence that follow weighing heavily on George's shoulders.

There's footsteps coming from inside the house.

George can't bring himself to look.

The front door opens with a quiet click, a sound that'll probably sear itself inside George's mind for the rest of time.

“Clay-”

That voice.

“What are you-”

The man’s gaze moves from Dream to the smaller man cowering behind him.

The colour leaves his face.

“George?”

Chapter End Notes

and there we go!! i'd like to apologise for leaving it on another cliff-hanger,,,, but i have plans and i need to stick to them:) also i hope this chapter didn't just feel like a filler, i felt it was important for the pacing and such, and it also gives us some extra pieces of info that are quite interesting,, what are your thoughts? once again, i hope you enjoyed and as always you can find me on twt: [yourwishlistt](https://twitter.com/yourwishlistt)

closure.

Chapter Summary

Orlando, Florida is a city packed with memories, both new and old.

Chapter Notes

woooooo it's a long chapter- i'm so sorry this took so long !!!!! but it's out now and i think that's what truly matters :) as always, take care of yourself and enjoy<3 (also quick warning, this is pretty dialogue heavy)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The night that Bad left remains vivid in George's memory.

"What do you mean he's at the airport *right now* ?!" He attempted to hold back tears as he forced his coat on, already halfway out the door.

Techno trailed behind him, more angry than anything, "Yes, George, that's what I just said." he had been yelling, a fierce contrast to the calm and collected man that George thought he knew.

George shouted back equally as loud, if not louder, "You told me that he was still in the hospital! You told me that he'd be coming back soon, that things would be going back to normal!" Techno grabbed him by the back of his coat, forcibly pulling him back, "You're being ridiculous!"

"You should have known that this would be the outcome, George!" his voice was nearing a growl, "He always promised himself that he'd get the fuck out of here if he ever got into an accident, what makes you think that he'd change his mind?"

George forced himself out of the stronger man's grip, stumbling forwards with a choked cry, "But you lied, Techno!" the neighbours had to be getting concerned by now... "Why did you have to lie?"

Techno deflated on the spot, watching George climb into his car. His expression was almost regretful, guilty, but something selfish simmered behind his eyes. "Where are you going?" He asked instead, changing the subject.

George shot a glare his way, "To the fucking airport." he spat, barely loud enough over the grumble of his engine, "Why aren't you stopping him? Why is no one stopping him?!"

Another strike of anger flashed over Techno's features, "George, you're such a child!"

"Well, that's all you've ever treated me as." George shot back, his grip tightening around the steering wheel, "How else do you expect me to be?"

Surprisingly, Techno held his tongue, "His plane leaves in 20 minutes, there's no way you'll make it anyways." Although he seemed calmer, his tone remained harsh, bitter.

George pulls out of the driveway nonetheless, “Whatever.” he grumbles, mostly to himself, “It’s not like I want to be anywhere around you anyways.”

He ignored Techno’s frustrated shouts behind him, following the familiar route to Sapnap’s old apartment instead.

...

“George?”

An indescribable force grabs at George’s neck, the air trapping in his throat, choking him. He can’t speak, the once simmering nerves now bubbling over. Any confidence he may have had retreats at a rapid pace., leaving him vulnerable, afraid.

His mouth falls agape, a helpless sound leaving his lips.

He doesn’t know what to do...

He faintly registers that Dream is squeezing his hand, his thumb tracing patterns into the skin there. He forces himself to focus on the warmth that Dream leaves behind as he draws the shapes. The heat travels up towards his shoulders, relieving the tension there before spiralling all the way down his spine, leaving a behind a fluttery feeling as it continues its escapade.

“It’s been a long time.” George has to remind himself that he’s actually here, Dream’s voice startling him from his panicked daze.

He hasn’t looked at Bad. He won’t let himself look at Bad.

“I- Well- Yes, yes I suppose it has-” Bad’s voice feels like needles against his skin, “Are you- Is he?”

Dream shifts a little so he’s properly standing in front of George, shielding him with his body, never dropping George’s hand from hold. George drowns out their conversation, taking a moment to regulate his breathing, to take in his surroundings, to remind himself that all of this is all really happening...

“Clay, please...” Hearing Bad after all of these years tears open the scars on George’s heart, the ones he thought had healed over long ago, the ones he had spent so long treating, so long nursing, “Please let me see him.”

He’s not telling you to leave... George’s mind collapses, he doesn’t hate you, he wants to see you...

Dream turns to him, lightly grazing his fingers along his chin, meeting his eyes with a reassuring smile. George can never stop himself from smiling back.

He steps out from behind Dream, his legs shaky, threatening to give way any moment now. He keeps his gaze low, afraid of what he’ll see when he looks up.

Would Bad look the same as he did back then? Would his smile still be the same? Would his eyes still feel like home? Is George a lot taller than him now? Is he-

“George...” There it is again, that same treacherous tearing in his heart, ripping open wounds that George didn’t even know he had, “Please, look at me.”

With one final breath, he meets Bad's eyes.

He looks exactly the same. So much so that it hurts.

"George..." He repeats, the name tumbles from Bad's lips like a prayer.

It's overwhelming. It's overwhelming to see him, to hear him, to be with him...

"Bad." George sounds so uncharacteristically weak, a broken smile forming on his lips.

The older man fidgets on the spot, his gaze flickering back and forth between Dream and George, visibly ansty. "Gosh, George, please can I hug you?"

He collapses into Bad's arms without a second thought.

A rush of something George can only describe as *safety* washes over him, his body melting into the warmth of the hug. It's a particular feeling that George hasn't felt in a very, very long time, a feeling that only ever comes alongside Bad. Pure, unadulterated safety.

He squeezes the man in his arms tightly, tears spilling from his eyes, staining his cheeks, "Holy fucking shit-" he manages to choke out, burrying his face in Bad's shoulder.

"What did I always tell you about that foul mouth of yours..." George feels more tears fall at the familiar tone as Bad fondly scolds him, running a hand through the younger's hair. George is definitely taller than Bad now, yet he still finds himself feeling so small, like he's 16 all over again.

Bad's the first one to pull away, though he keeps a secure grip on George's shoulders, "Looks like you found him, Clay..." he says, his gaze shifting over to where George can only assume Dream is standing.

"I suppose so." his reply is still curt, edging on cold, but George knows him better than that, he recognises the hint of fondness hidden between the words. Bad brushes past it, pulling George in for another brief hug, whispering "I missed you..." into his ear.

George takes a step back, finding that Dream's already stood right behind him as his back collides with the taller man's chest, "You missed me?" George repeats his words, clearly hurt, "You could've just returned by calls..."

Bad's gaze shifts between the two of them, looking nothing short of guilty, "Do you two have some time?" he asks instead, "I think I've got some explaining to do."

...

George stares into the glass of orange juice that Bad had placed in front of him. He can't bring himself to tell him that though he had once adored the tangy flavour, it only leaves a bitter taste on his tongue nowadays...

Dream's pressed up beside him, subtly rubbing his thumb over George's knuckles, his eyes tracing the furniture inside the room, whispering little stories about certain trinkets into George's ear. He pulls away slightly as Bad wanders back into the living room, growing icy once again.

"Oh Clay, don't be like that." Bad tries to keep his tone playful, however it's clear that Dream is having none of it. George is aware of the fight that the two of them had just before Dream moved to San Francisco for good, he's aware of the slight grudge that Dream has always held for his

former friend, but he's *also* aware of how badly Dream has missed him.

George lets out an awkward cough, a futile attempt at easing the tension, "Bad, you said you have stuff to explain..." he says, trying his best to hide the way he melts as he meets Bad's gentle gaze, "We have pretty much all day, so whenever you're ready."

The older man lets out a long sigh, "Well, how much do you want to know?" he asks, settling himself between the cushions.

"All that you're willing to tell me."

Bad lets out a small breath, but begins his story nonetheless:

"Well, right after the accident I got a one-way ticket to Florida pretty much instantly, flying out not even a week later. I've always dreamed of living in the southern suburbs, and Orlando offered everything I could have wanted."

George listens intently, picking up every last detail, sorting everything into a timeline in his mind.

"We decided it was best if I fully stopped all contact with you, George--"

"We?" Dream cuts him off, "You and Techno?"

Bad responds with a sullen nod, "George, you'd been so young at the time... Techno and I had argued about it for so long, but in the end, Techno was right: you were young, in your racing prime, and having to deal with the stress that comes with staying in contact, travelling over here, all of that would've just weighed you down."

"I promised him that I'd keep my word and stay away- Really, George, he had your best interest in mind, I promise."

George hadn't realised that he had been biting his lip until a metallic taste began to linger on his tongue, "How would he know what's best for me?" he spits, vaguely registering the way Dream's hold tightens on his hand.

Bad's lips tug into a frown, "I see you two aren't on the best of terms..." he whispers, mostly to himself, "But he didn't mean any harm, George, honestly."

"Anyways, after I moved over here, I took up a lot of small jobs. I fixed cars for a little, did some computer engineering for a bit, worked in a few cafe's too - which is how I met Clay."

George doesn't miss the nostalgic look that flashes over Dream's face.

"I just sort of started anew for a while until Techno got back in contact with me..." he pauses for a moment, shifting a little under George's scrutiny, "We weren't really speaking for the few months right after I left. I was still very unhappy with having to cut ties with you--"

"Well, you didn't *have* to..." Dream grumbles from beside George, earning a sharp nudge.

"-and he didn't really make an effort either. Well, that was until about six months later when he randomly messaged me and told me that he had booked me a flight to stay in San Francisco for two days."

"And then he did that again... And again, and again, until it became a little tradition."

"I started tagging along on what- the fourth or fifth trip?" Dream adds, his icy tone beginning to

thaw, “I always knew that you sort of knew the other racers, but never *how* you knew them... I thought you were just acquaintances through Techno. I never clicked the pieces together, so I never realised that you actually raced with them at one point.”

“I let it slip to Alex once that I used to race, I’m surprised that blabbermouth never told you about it.” George refrains from making a snarky comment, biting his tongue, “Clay, are you planning on visiting him while you’re here, by the way?”

George catches Dream furrowing his brow out of the corner of his eye, “You don’t know?” he says, “Alex moved to San Francisco a little while ago.”

Bad raises his eyebrows, surprise clearly painted over his face, “Really? I had no idea.” he says, “Does he hang with you guys?”

The two of them nod, “Yeah,” George speaks up, “he’s one of my best friends.”

If possible, Bad’s eyebrows raise even higher, “Oh...” George hums, almost daring him to continue, “I wouldn’t have expected you to get along.”

I wouldn’t have expected you to leave me behind.

George holds his tongue.

“Yeah. He’s great.” George says, his tone surprisingly sharp, “What happened during the trips? You stopped coming eventually, too, what happened?”

Bad sighs, his hands twitching in his lap, “Well, during the trips Clay and I would stay in this little townhouse that Techno rented out for us. He and I would talk for hours and hours after Clay went to sleep, I’d mostly ask about you and how you were holding up- and from what he always told me, you were doing really well.”

Doing well? Doing well?!

George had been breaking in front of everybody’s eyes for months, years even, and Techno had the audacity to tell Bad that he had been *doing well?!*

George doesn’t say anything, allowing Bad to continue, “I stopped going after two or so years of travelling regularly... It seemed that you were doing so well without me and I was the only one holding on... I just sort of figured that it was time for me to move on too.”

George explodes. “*Liar!*” He cries out, “He’s a lying piece of shit! That’s all he’s fucking done over these past few years. Lie, lie, lie.”

Dream’s grip tightens around George’s hand, safe and secure, the last thing holding George together as he threatens to unravel completely, “I needed you more than anything, Bad. He spent those years telling me that you had gone for good and he hadn’t heard from you at all, that you had moved on with your life and I was being silly for holding onto the memories.”

Bad moves to pull George into his arms in an instant, whispering quiet apologies into his hair, “George... Gosh, I’m so sorry...”

...

The rest of the day passes in a blur of tears, shared stories and nostalgia.

Dream remains surprisingly cold, much to George's surprise, but he decides not to push it. He makes sure to stay within arms length of Dream at all times, ignoring the knowing looks that Bad sends their way when he thinks that neither of them are looking.

They leave with one last long hug and a promise to return again before they go back home to San Francisco. A peaceful silence washes over the pair of them on the car ride home, sleep tugging on both of their eyes and a dopey smile making itself at home on George's lips.

"How are you feeling?" Dream's the first one to speak up as they finally step foot through the front door, "Was it the closure that you wanted?"

George lets out a heavy sigh, humming, "It's the closure that I wanted from Bad..." he says, "But I still have a lot of questions for Techno."

Dream nods from beside him, leading him through the house, guiding George with a gentle hand on the small of his back, "Techno's always been shrouded in secrecy..."

They enter a bedroom, plainly decorated and surprisingly cold, it reminds George of one of those fancy hotel rooms you'd find somewhere in LA, with it's high walls and crisp sheets. Their suitcases lay forgotten in the corner of the room, still left untouched and unopened.

"Do you remember when I mentioned that Techno did a road trip down to Florida? Just before I finally moved to San Francisco?" George nods, watching as Dream begins to rummage through his clothes, picking out something to sleep in, "That was the first time I had seen him in about 2 years. I'm not all that sure why he came, but I don't think he even went to see Bad during that trip."

He hands one of his own shirts over to George before continuing once more, leaving a rosy tint to George's cheeks, "I don't think he was expecting to find me either... He mentioned that he had been checking out the racing scene in multiple different places for a while, and just happened to stumble across me in Florida."

George quickly changes into the t-shirt, trying his best to look past the way Dream's eyes linger on him, "What happened during that trip? I think you've said before that you and Bad had a fight right before you moved... Is that why you've been so distant with him today?"

Dream lets out a non-committal sound, ushering George towards the bed, pulling him close to his chest as they collapse atop of the cotton sheets, "I think I'm still just hung up on some stuff that was said in a fit of anger..." he sighs, "And I didn't actually really see Techno very much when he was here... He sort of lingered and watched as we raced, like he was here to scout us out or something. I asked him about you afterwards though because- well, how could I not."

George lets out a breathy chuckle, resting his ear against Dream's upper chest, feeling his heartbeat under the warm skin, "What was the fight about? If you don't mind me asking, of course."

A hand works its way into George's hair, fingers gently running between the strands, love and care seeping in through each gentle touch, "First he was mad at me for not telling him that Techno had been here, then he exploded at me about wanting to move away and race in San Francisco."

Dream takes in a few deep breaths, "He always hated the fact that I started racing, and I never really knew why, especially since during the trips to go and see you, we would literally spend most of the time watching people *race*."

George lifts his head slightly to meet Dream's eyes, "Quackity mentioned something about that once," he whispers, "something about Bad not wanting you to follow in his footsteps or something."

He didn't want you to turn out like him."

Dream hums out a quiet "Maybe."

"Right before I stormed away for the final time, he told me he never wanted to see me again." Dream's tone remains calm, though the hurt is clear behind his eyes.

George reaches up, placing a hand on Dream's cheek, rubbing his thumb along his cheekbone, though he doesn't get the chance to say anything before Dream's speaking once more, "I know that it was just a heat of the moment thing, and today just sort of proved that he didn't really mean it, but it's just something that's stuck with me since."

George settles himself back down on Dream's chest, searching around to take hold of his hand, "Did you..." he pauses, "Did you want to talk to him about it?"

Dream doesn't respond for a moment, choosing to intertwine their fingers instead, "Maybe... But I don't really wanna resurface things that obviously didn't really mean anything."

George gives his hand a squeeze, looking up to meet his gaze once more, "It means something to you though." Dream cups the side of George's face in his free hand, mimicking what George had done to him just a minute ago, his touch warm as always.

"Maybe." He says again, scanning over George's features with a dazed smile.

"It's so surreal to see you here in Orlando, where I grew up." Dream's voice is quiet as he changes the subject, something undeniably fond in his tone. "God, I like you so much I don't know what to do with myself."

A bashful laugh escapes George's lips, a bright grin taking over his face, "You're such an idiot." he says, though there's no bite to his words.

Almost subconsciously, he finds himself leaning up to meet Dream in a kiss. It's more teeth than anything, both of them grinning as they bump noses. The butterflies in George's stomach erupt once more, his heartbeat speeding up to match their pace.

By the time they pull apart, Dream's cheeks are a fiery red, a wild grin still on his face, his hair a little messed up. George laughs at him, reaching over to squeeze his cheeks, though he knows that he definitely doesn't look much better.

It's the first kiss they've shared since their official confessions, and George can't help the warmth that spreads through him.

They fall asleep in each other's arms that night, safe and warm.

...

George learns that he quite likes Orlando.

It's definitely much hotter than San Francisco, with it's humid, rainy nights and sweltering, sunny days, but the atmosphere of the place fits *Dream* so perfectly.

"I can imagine you growing up here." George says, taking a sip from his smoothie. Dream's taken him to a small, local cafe, one that he had apparently spent most of his teenage years in, sneaking away from his carers to hang out with Quackity.

The elderly man appeared to recognise Dream upon their entrance, cheering out as they walked over to the counter to order. “Clay, my boy!” he had called out, startling a few of the other customers, “What are you doing back in Orlando? And with a pretty boy of your own, too.”

The drinks were on the house.

“You can?” Dream chuckles, chewing on his straw, his drink left ignored on the table in front of him, “I don’t know whether to take that as a compliment or not.”

George gives a quick nod, “Definitely a compliment.” he insists, though Dream raises his eyebrows, playfully sceptical, “This seems like a nice area.”

Dream’s gaze drifts to where the clouds are slowly dancing past outside, a wistful look in his eyes, “It is.” he says, his voice small, but not lacking any tenderness. “And while I think Orlando will always have a special place in my heart, I’ve really fallen in love with San Francisco.”

George hums, “I get that. Me too.”

A comfortable silence washes over them, the warm autumn air clinging to their skin, leaving Dream glistening and glowy, but George sticky and sweaty. The smaller man groans, taking another long sip of his smoothie, begging for the cold beverage to cool him down at least a *little bit* .

Dream chuckles at his misery, “Awh,” he coos mockingly, “Georgie can’t handle the heat?”

George shoots a deadly glare his way, “I’d like to see you try and survive a winter in England, Florida man. In December and January it’s a high of 45°F, you’d quite possibly end up frozen solid.” he spits, but there’s no real bite behind it.

Dream holds his hands up in defeat, leaning back in his chair with a clouded smile, “You got me there.” he chuckles, “Do you ever plan on going back to England? Even for a bit?” he asks, changing the subject.

With a sigh, George says “I don’t know. I’ve had minimal contact with my parents since I moved over here, so if I went I probably wouldn’t tell them.” Dream nods slowly, urging him to continue, “But maybe one day. I think it would be nice to go back.”

“I’d come with you.” Dream pipes up, finally leaning forward to take his (now lukewarm) drink into his hand, “If you’d want me to, of course.”

George lets out a breathy laugh, “Sapnap’s got dibs on that one, sorry buddy.”

“You did not just *buddy* me, George-” Dream laughs along, feigning hurt, “And who cares, just make him third wheel. Or bring Karl too, or even Alex.”

George smiles at him, a soft look behind his eyes, “We’ll see.”

...

On their fourth night in Florida, George receives an unexpected call.

Techno’s name hovers threateningly above his wrist.

He picks up, “Hello?”

He really hadn’t been planning on doing this over the phone.

Techno's voice comes crackling through the speaker, his face displayed on the hologram, "What are you doing in Orlando?"

Not even a "hello" back?

"Wouldn't you like to know." George shoots back, watching as the bedroom door creaks open, Dream poking his head around the corner, raising his eyebrows.

"George." Techno repeats, "What are you doing in Orlando?"

Dream's face morphs into one of understanding, a flash of anger behind his eyes.

George lets out a temporizing hum, "Visiting an old friend of mine."

The response is near eruptive, "You're such a child- How did you- What did he tell you?"

Dream speaks up from across the room, "You're still more worried about *yourself* in this situation, Techno?"

"Look, I know I fucked up. I knew that I had fucked up a long, long time ago. Do you not understand how difficult it's been to keep this under wraps? I knew it would break you if you ever found out, George, I worked so, so hard."

George scoffs, refusing to look down at Techno's expressions, "And me finding out that you've been hiding this from me for years wasn't going to break me more?"

"-Because in my perfect world, you were never going to find out." Techno interrupts him, and from the sounds of things, he's near tears.

"Well, we don't live in your perfect world, Techno." George states matter-of-factly, "What even was your thought process behind any of this? Please, just explain that to me."

Techno does just that...

"We both knew that Bad would be leaving one day. Accidents in our world are bound to happen, but even I'll admit, I never expected it to happen so soon."

George hums, though Techno doesn't seem to take it any notice.

"You were 18, George. 18 years old, do you understand how young that is? You had so much ahead of you, you *still* have so much ahead of you, I wasn't about to let you spend that time moping around and being miserable, so I figured that if the two of you just... I don't know- lost contact, you'd get over it."

"Get over it?" Dream mouths from across the room, George shoots him a knowing look.

"But then things went wrong, because like you said, this isn't my perfect world. *He* happened."

George grimaces, what does that have to do with any of this?

"When things between you and him first began to get sour, I got back in contact with Bad- because, I'm sure he'll have told you, but we weren't on great terms for a while. He began visiting San Francisco, and I fully intended on bringing you two back together at one point, but then *Dream* started tagging along-"

"Do not blame this on him." George butts in, but the comment goes ignored.

“-and I knew that Bad didn’t want people from Florida knowing that he used to race, so I just kept quiet. You seemed to get better after a while, and Bad definitely noticed it, so he stopped coming, just sort of thought you were doing well without him.”

And you didn’t think to tell him otherwise?

“The two years after that went by without a hiccup, but I tried my best to stay away from you, because I felt guilty, George, real fucking guilty. But you seemed to be doing better, and that’s all that mattered to me.”

Dream rolls his eyes sarcastically from his spot in the doorway, earning a stern look from George.

“You didn’t really need me anymore so I kept my distance.”

George lets out a shocked breath, “Didn’t need you?” he calls out, “Do you not realise how selfish that is for you to think that I didn’t need you? You were the only one who ever reminded me that the life I was living wasn’t just some made up fantasy, that it was real and that it wasn’t just some crazy dream, and you think that you can sit here and tell me that I didn’t *need you* ?!”

Techno sighs from the other side of the line, “You’ve always been like this.” If George didn’t know any better, he would’ve said that the man sounded almost sentimental.

“You’ve been doing well without me lately.” he continues, an airy tone to his voice, “Dream coming back didn’t do this situation any favours. I never expected to see him again, shit, I didn’t even know that he raced, but there he was in his Ferrari speeding down the tracks of Jacksonville.”

Dream raises his eyebrows, but keeps silent.

“I sort of expected you to get close, nowhere near as close as you’ve gotten though. I always knew about his little admiration for you, and I always sort of thought it would stay that way, but I had severely miscalculated. I got really nervous to say the least, that it would somehow slip out, but almost a year had passed without any suspicions and I was beginning to think that it was going to be okay-”

“Wait.” George interrupts him, and finally he listens, “That night when I came and told you that I had told Dream about *him* and everything about Bad...” Techno coughs, awkward, “You were scared that he had said something, weren’t you...”

“Maybe.” Techno coughs, “But can you blame me?”

“Techno, I came to you that night because I thought you’d be *proud of me* and all you cared about was yourself?”

“Don’t phrase it like that. You know that I care about you.”

George scoffs, “Do I?”

The silence that settles over them is suffocating.

Techno lets out a strained cough, “Well, I do...” he sighs.

“Anyways...” It’s the most guilty he’s sounded all night, “Alex’s arrival is what really shook me- because while he only ever met me once or twice, I knew that he knew about Bad being a racer.”

“That kind of explains a lot.” George says, almost to himself.

Techno doesn't stay quiet for long though, "He's how you found out, right?"

George nods, hoping that Techno is watching him, "But probably not in the way that you expect."

A long sigh comes through the speaker, "George, I know that I fucked up, I fucked up really fucking bad."

George lets out a sigh of his own "Yeah, Techno, you did."

Neither of them speak for a moment, that same heavy silence returning, but there's a strange feeling of understanding, too.

"You've never been good at apologies, Techno." George whispers, barely loud enough.

"And I don't plan on getting good at them now."

With one final breath, George says "I wouldn't expect anything more."

The silence returns and Dream finally moves from where he's been lingering, coming up behind George and placing his hands on his shoulders, squeezing gently.

"I don't really care if you forgive me or not, just know that I'll always care."

Beep. Beep. Beep.

"I think that's as unsatisfying as it gets." Dream says without missing a beat.

George quickly takes his watch off from around his wrist, throwing it somewhere out of sight, "It's Techno." he says simply, "I'm just thankful I got *something* out of it."

...

The days leading up to their departure go by surprisingly fast, the two of them getting lost somewhere between the days out and the nights curled up against each other, tears and smiles becoming one.

They spend their final full day in Florida with Bad, their old friend inviting them to have lunch together and then later visit a 'very important place' - in his words.

They share a home-cooked meal together, chuckling over small anecdotes and light jokes. Dream appears far less reluctant to join in with the conversation this time around, piping up with his own jokey comments and snarky jabs, the tension within him slowly melting away.

"Techno called yesterday." George says as they're finishing up, following Bad and Dream into the kitchen. Bad hums thoughtfully, "I thought he would."

George expects him to continue, but it seems that he has no intentions to do so, so George asks, "Did you tell him that we were here? He was pretty mad."

Dream momentarily squeezes George's waist as he scoots past, his touch reassuring. Instead of responding, Bad distracts himself by putting the dirty dishes away, pointedly ignoring George's question.

George sighs, "Bad, you told him, didn't you?" he says, though he doesn't sound disappointed like Bad had expected.

He nods quickly, "I thought he should know, you know? I'm sorry if he took it all out on you." Finally, he turns to face George, dawning a frown, though the younger is quick to shake it off, mumbling a quick, "It's okay."

They quickly move on to talking about something else, Bad half-heartedly sorting out the final bits and pieces before ushering Dream and George into his car. It's a typical 'family car', definitely not the one that Bad used to race with all of those years ago. It's spacious and a little messy, definitely well loved, a silly little tree hanging around the rear view mirror, leaving a slightly washed out apple scent in the vehicle.

It's nice, George thinks as he settles into the back seat, Dream slipping in beside him. He could never imagine himself driving a car like this, but something about riding in one feels distantly nostalgic.

The engine grumbles as they pull out of Bad's driveway, and it only takes a few minutes for Dream to recognize the route, "Daryll, please don't tell me-" he whispers, eyes wide as he perks up from where he's been slumped at the window.

George catches a small smile on Bad's lips through the mirror, though he stays silent.

Dream is visibly jittery for the rest of the journey, and for once, George really struggles to read him. It seems to be a combination of excitement and nerves, though he can't for the life of him work out which of the two is taking the lead.

They pull to a stop outside an admittedly sketchy looking area, with only one or two other cars parked nearby. The three of them climb out, and it's clear that the place is familiar to both Dream and Bad.

The two of them are standing by a railing, peering over at something, and as George comes to join them, he quickly realizes that it's a racetrack.

"This is the track where I first learnt to race." Dream whispers, his words almost caught by the wind, his eyes twinkling as he looks down at the track below.

The place looks even dodgier than George's first racetrack, the asphalt completely worn down, the seating areas covered in graffiti. If George squints he can see the jagged bits of grit laying all across the road, his heart aches for the racer's tires.

"Bad, you-" Dream pauses, clearly in awe, "You never even really acknowledged that I raced... Why- Why now?"

Bad sighs from beside him, his eyes locked to the few cars circling the track, "You've come really far, Clay." he says, and it's hard to miss the way that Dream's eyes widen in shock, "You both have, truly. I thought taking you back to where all of this began would be a nice way to finish off your trip."

Dream's eyes well up with tears, though he doesn't let them fall, "God..." he sighs, "Thank you... Thank you so much."

Bad turns to him with a warm smile, "Oh, come here." he says, opening his arms, inviting Dream in for a hug which he gladly takes.

George leans up against the rails, watching them with a dopey grin, Dream's much larger form swallowing Bad up. The smaller man catches sight of George on the sidelines and releases Dream just slightly, "And you too, George, come on." Bad laughs, calling him over to join them.

Who was George to say no...

Chapter End Notes

well well well,, what do you think? i know some people may be a little unhappy with the way techno's little arc played out in the end but,,, well, we move. and the reality is now hitting me that there really is just one chapter left ???? god this is so surreal, i've spend the past few months pouring so much time and love into this that the thought of it officially ending breaks my heart just a little bit.. anyway !! again, i hope you have a wonderful morning, evening, afternoon, or night, and you can always find me on

tw: [yourwishlistt](#)

always.

Chapter Summary

“I’ve made you wait a long time.”

Dream gives him the same look that he always does, “I’ve already told you, I’d wait forever.”

George feels the smile grow on his lips, “I really don’t think that’ll be necessary.”

Chapter Notes

a semi-shorter chapter as our story comes to a close :) enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The journey back home from Orlando was a tiring one.

George spent the majority of the car ride from the airport on the phone to Quackity, his voice low and groggy with sleep, Dream on the driver’s side, buzzing with caffeine to keep him awake.

They left with a promise to Bad to stay in contact, teary eyed but happy. So, so very happy.

They made it back to George’s house with very few hiccups, stumbling through the front door, abandoning their suitcases in the hallway in favour of collapsing onto the couches, their bodies aching for rest.

“Do you wanna go upstairs and freshen up before going to sleep?” Dream asks, his words muffled by the cushions. George groans from the opposite couch, “Don’t want to move.” he says, already half-asleep, “Too tired.”

Dream hums in agreement, but ends up getting up a few minutes later anyways, stretching his arms far above his head as he makes his way over to George. “You’re gonna hate yourself in the morning if you fall asleep here.” he says, chuckling at George’s lack of response.

“Come on, let’s get you washed up.” Though George can’t see it, he can hear the smile in Dream’s voice. George remains perfectly still, quickly drifting off into dreamland, only to be rudely disrupted as he finds an arm looping around his legs and another around his upper back, picking him up bridal style.

George lets out an embarrassing yelp, quickly circling his arms around Dream’s neck for some much needed support, “Dream!” he calls out, suddenly far more awake than before. He only gets a breathy laugh in return and George finds himself pressing his face into Dream’s neck to hide his blushing cheeks.

By the time Dream puts him down, they're in his bathroom. The tile is cold against his socked feet, his eyes still droopy as he watches Dream turn the shower on, letting it run over his hand as the water warms up.

While they had technically spent the past week living together, watching Dream act like this in *his* house feels a little too domestic for his heart to handle. Noticing George's gaze on him, Dream turns around to face him with a smile, an eyebrow raised in a silent question.

George shakes it off quickly, "Nothing." he says, choosing to distract himself with sorting through his toiletries bag that Dream had grabbed from his suitcase on their way upstairs. He busies himself by brushing his teeth as Dream continues wandering around the bathroom, chucking two towels into the towel warmer and running downstairs to get their shower supplies, the gentle smile never leaving his lips.

"What's got you all smiley?" George asks after spitting the last of his toothpaste into the sink, wiping his mouth off with a face cloth. Dream stops to squeeze his waist as he passes him, sticking his hand under the shower once more. "You just look so cute like this, all sleepy and at home."

George's mouth falls open in surprise, watching as Dream's grin grows even wider. "Come on," he says, clearly amused at George's state, "let's get you showered up. I'll bring our stuff upstairs and hop in once you're done."

He quickly leaves, shutting the door behind him with a quiet click, leaving George just a little dumbfounded.

...

They wake up the next morning to someone repeatedly ringing the doorbell, George's watch buzzing on the bedside table. He groans, untangling himself from Dream's hold to grab the watch and find out who could *possibly* be at his doorstep at nine in the *fucking morning*.

A harsh blue light erupts from the device, his eyes taking a moment to adjust to the hologram. It takes him a second to recognise the man standing outside, Sapnap's face pressed up far too close to the security camera, "George!" he yells, noticing that his friend had finally picked up.

George buzzes him in with a groan, forcing himself out of bed, ignoring the small sound of protest that Dream makes behind him. He stumbles his way downstairs, his body still barely used to being awake, grimacing as he hears Sapnap's loud voice coming from the hallway.

"Hurry up, you little shit!" he shouts, practically grabbing George off of the stairs and pulling him into a hug. George returns it begrudgingly, still a little grumpy about being woken up, "You're so dramatic." he grumbles, "It was just seven days and I called you every night."

Sapnap lets him go after one final squeeze, "Yeah, that's seven days too many. And you know that phone calls aren't the same!" George gives him a gentle smile, *of course he knows*.

"You're so clingy." he chooses to say instead, tugging Sapnap into the kitchen. He stops by the coffee machine, pressing at the buttons aimlessly and just hoping that the result wouldn't taste too bad, "We were asleep, you know."

Sapnap mumbles from beside him, not apologetic in the slightest, muttering something that sounds like "Well that's not *my* fault."

They stumble around the kitchen for a few more minutes, George's sleepy mind leaving his movements sloppy and languid while Sapnap bounces around like he's been awake for hours - and from the sounds of things he probably had been.

"Is it weird being home?" Sapnap asks out of the blue, following George into the dining room, "I feel like it's always weird to come home after a trip." George hums, taking a seat, smiling as

Sapnap comes to sit opposite him.

“A little.” he says, “But it was very nice to sleep in my own bed again.” Sapnap rolls his eyes from across from the table, stirring the coffee he had made for himself, making a point to clink the spoon against the ceramic, knowing that George hates the sound.

They continue on their mindless chatter, kicking each other under the table a few too many times, hard enough to leave bruises, as they finish their drinks.

A presence appears in the doorway, Dream’s sleepy figure swaying from side to side as he squints at the scene before him, trying to decipher what exactly is going on. Sapnap snorts when he spots him, “Someone’s made themselves right at home, haven’t they? Jeez, Dream, have the decency to put a shirt on, there’s guests.”

George gives him one last kick under the table, chuckling as Dream makes his way over, draping himself over George’s back, very clearly still half-asleep.

“How was Florida?” Sapnap tries asking him, only to get a very intelligent “Hot.” in response. Dream continues to grumble and complain for a few more minutes as he finally begins to wake up, pulling a hoodie that he finds in the laundry room over his head and following the pair of best friends as they migrate to the living room.

“Okay, but seriously, how was Florida?” Sapnap repeats his question, sinking down between the cushions. Dream chuckles quietly, bringing his cup to his lips, “Didn’t you and George call every single night? I’m pretty sure you know how we found Florida, Sapnap.”

Sapnap pulls a face, shifting his focus back to George, “Techno’s been even more MIA than usual. We had someone go and check up on his house to see if he’s still at home, and he is - we just haven’t heard a word from him.”

“That’s unsurprising.” Dream says, trying to muffle it with his cup, but George hears it loud and clear, the taller man earning a harsh poke in the ribs.

George huffs, “That’s fine.” he says, stretching his legs out as he reaches for the TV remote, a yawn falling from his lips, “I don’t really think I want to see him right now anyways.”

Sapnap hums, “That’s cool dude, but I definitely think you should talk to him at some point, if not any time soon, then sometime in the future, for sure.”

George hums in agreement, “I will. I know I will.” he pauses for a moment, feeling the way Dream seems to shift closer to him, “But I think it’ll take some time.”

...

For some reason, returning to the track feels weird.

They stand in the place where Dream claims that he, Bad and Techno had stood during their very last visit to San Francisco. George leans over the railing, watching as the racers down below mingle among themselves. It’s likely a very similar scene to what they would have seen back then.

“I think this was one of your guys’ first races at this new track.” Dream pipes up from behind him, “It just sort of solidified Bad’s theory that you were growing and moving on just fine without him.”

George sighs, watching his breath swirl up into the night sky above, “I think that was probably the time I was doing the worst.” he scoffs quietly, mostly to himself, “Ironic...”

Dream takes his place beside George, wrapping an arm around him and pulling him closer by the waist. “Do you think things now would be different if Bad had actually come back to you back then?”

George hums into the night, “I think that depends on a lot of things.” he says, leaning into Dream’s touch, “Like: would he have stayed here in San Francisco? Would you have ever ended up moving here? What about Quackity? I think a lot of things wouldn’t have happened in the way that they have currently.”

Dream nods in agreement, “I think that in the end,” he pauses, giving George’s waist a squeeze, “things worked out for you.”

George smiles, a little bashful, looking over to face Dream, his eyes scanning over his side profile, “Yeah,” he says, reaching up to poke his cheek, “I think they did.”

A sudden mass crashes into them from behind, pushing them further against the railing. A string of curses escapes Dream’s lips as George lets out an embarrassing yelp, quickly spinning around to find the culprit.

He’s met with Quackity’s beaming face, “George!” he’s far too close to George’s ear for his liking, his voice far too loud, yet still, he smiles back, shouting “Quackity!” equally as loud.

“Hey, you asshole!” he quickly tugs George out of Dream’s grip, spinning him around dramatically, “I missed you.”

George chuckles, squirming his way out of Quackity’s drip, “I wasn’t gone for that long.” His friend laughs too, loud as always, “I know, but Sapnap was out here acting like it had been decades.”

George’s mind flickers back to his conversation with Dream as he watches Quackity continue blabbering on about what he’d missed while in Florida. *Do you think things now would be different if Bad had actually come back to you back then?*

George watches as the man in front of him smiles, watching him with expectant eyes. He finds himself smiling too, reaching over and pulling Quackity into a hug.

“I’m so glad you’re here.” he says, barely loud enough for anyone else to hear.

If things had been different I probably wouldn’t have you.

“Hey man,” Quackity quickly returns the hug, “I’m glad you’re here too.”

...

Dream and George fall into a habit of late night drives.

It’s nice, relaxing, peaceful, a break from their usually hectic lifestyles. Moments they share together, just the two of them.

They switch up who’s driving each time, rotating between Dream and George’s cars, zooming down the freeway or winding between the backstreets in the late hours of the night, the moon guiding them on their journeys.

They never have any real direction in mind, driving aimlessly until they’re content, and it usually ends up with them finding all kinds of gems: cafes, parks, cool housing estates, the whole bunch.

George's grip on the steering wheel is gentle as he weaves between the streets, navigating his way back towards the main freeway. Dream's been staring out the window for what must have been at least 10 minutes by now, pointing out every odd ornament he sees on stranger's lawns.

If they ever get bored they don't hesitate to park somewhere and wander around the area, their hands interlocked, whispering sweet words into the San Francisco night. It's nice, George thinks, how far they've come.

"Do you remember that very first night up on the mountain?" George breaks the comfortable silence between them, and he would've felt bad if not for the softness in Dream's gaze as he turns to look at him, "When we sat on the roof of my car and just talked?"

Dream hums, "Of course I remember, how could I not."

George rolls his eyes, taking a hand away from the wheel for a second to throw a weak hit at Dream's arm, who only chuckles in return, "What?" he says, clearly smiling, "You looked really pretty that night."

George pretends not to notice the way Dream's nose scrunches up as he watches the blush rise up on George's cheeks.

"You're an idiot." He grumbles, lacking even the slightest hint of annoyance, "Let's go."

Dream huffs quietly, another laugh tinkling from his lips, "What do you mean 'let's go' we've been *going* for like two hours now!"

"Shut up!"

...

"We haven't been here in a long time." Dream's voice is quiet as he climbs atop of George's car, joining the smaller man on the roof. George takes a moment to admire the way that the moonlight highlights Dream's features, the scene is strangely familiar, yet the way he looks at Dream is so different to back then.

The higher parts of the mountain are always colder, the air biting at George's skin, sending a chill down his spine, but somehow Dream still manages to look warm. "We haven't, have we?" George responds after a moment, taking in the serenity of the city below.

They stay like that for a minute, their shoulders pressed together as they stare off into the distance, eyes lingering on the dark clouds as they drift across the sky, shielding the moon away. George wonders if they're the same clouds he made that promise to, but while he knows that's not possible, the thought still sticks with him.

"I remember being so nervous around you." Dream confesses, his breath visible in the cold air, a small smile playing on his lips. George raises his eyebrows, skeptical, "You were *nervous* ? I can assure you, you certainly didn't seem it."

Dream chuckles quietly at his side, and George can feel the movement against him, "So nervous. I would overthink every single little thing you said and did, but I suppose I've always been good at keeping cool in the moment."

George shifts his gaze back over to Dream, "I never would have thought that you'd be nervous to talk to *me* of all people." Dream meets his gaze with a smile, "You know, you come across really cold at first."

George sends a funny look his way, “Really?” he asks, almost in disbelief, “I’ve never known that.”

Dream reaches over, placing a hand over George’s cheek, rubbing his thumb over the cheekbone, “It’s not a bad thing though; it makes you seem all intriguing and mysterious.” George has to hold back a snort, melting into Dream’s touch, “Says you, Mr Covers-his-face-with-a-hologram.”

Dream gives George’s cheek a pinch in retaliation, but quickly soothes it with a loving touch, “You’re such an idiot.”

George’s gaze drifts back to the clouds, the promise he had made to them mere months ago ringing in his ears. After a beat of silence George speaks up, “It’s been over a year since we were last here together.” he says, quiet, “I’ve made you wait a long time.”

Dream gives him the same look that he always does, “I’ve already told you, I’d wait forever.” George feels the smile grow on his lips, “I really don’t think that’ll be necessary.”

Dream’s eyes widen, almost expectedly, “Does that-” he pauses, gulping, “Does that mean-”

George nods, “I think you’ve waited long enough.”

The smile that spreads across Dream’s face is unlike anything George has ever seen before. “George.” He sounds as though he’s in complete awe, moving to now have both of his hands holding George’s face, his eyes shining.

George grins back at him just as wide, a pretty blush dusting his cheeks as he stares up the taller man, unable to tear his eyes away. There’s a moment where all they do is stare, smiling together.

Together .

“God, George,” Dream sounds almost breathless, subconsciously leaning closer, “please be mine.”

George melts at the words, “ *For you? Anything.* ” he whispers, finally closing the gap between them.

...

It’s been two or so months since their trip to Florida and no one seems to have even seen the slightest glimpse of Techno.

If George didn’t know any better, he would’ve called it cowardly, but this is Techno.

If anything, it’s strategic.

Forgiveness is something that George possibly sees somewhere down the road, but right now, he’s not ready for that.

He might even argue that he’ll never be ready for that, but this is Techno he’s talking about, and George doesn’t think he can ever really hate him.

He’s leant up against his car, rereading some recent texts from Bad when two familiar voices approach him. Quickly zapping the hologram away, he looks up to meet Karl and Sapnap’s smiling faces.

They’re both racing tonight and it’s clear even at first glance. They’re both buzzing, their hands twitching restlessly, permanent smiles etched onto their faces. This kind of eager anticipation looks

good on them.

“When are you guys up?” He asks as they get closer, quickly returning a one armed hug from Karl. Sapnap shrugs, though George knows that he’s got the times memorised like he always does.

“In about 20 minutes.” Though he doesn’t seem to realise it, Karl is practically shouting, far too loud for their close proximity, and it earns him a hiss from Sapnap. “You’re gonna come and watch us, right?”

George chuckles, squishing himself between the two of them and leading them over towards the staircase that leads to the driver’s area. “Duh.” he says, holding back a laugh as they both stumble after him.

Normally non-racers steer clear of the drivers area as it’s sort of customary that it’s only meant for those who are actually going to be on the tracks, but George thinks it’s okay to break the rules just this once.

Besides, it’s different now compared to when he and Sapnap would sneak in when they were 17. George has definitely built a name for himself in this community over the years.

Sapnap seems to be on the same train of thought, “Awh, Georgie, you’re not gonna have to sneak around behind the piles of tires anymore.” he laughs, playfully hitting at the back of George’s head, “You’re famous now, you’ll probably be asked for an autograph again.”

George grumbles under his breath, “That was one time.” earning a loud laugh from Karl, who had apparently never heard the story before.

George slips away from them as Sapnap begins to explode into a full-fledged explanation of that fateful day, favoring making his way over towards where Dream’s standing, engrossed in something on his watch.

“Hey you.” He says, clearly startling the taller man, who’s face quickly melts into a smile as he spots the culprit.

“Hey you.” Dream repeats George’s words, reaching over to run a single finger down his cheek before dropping his arm back at his side. “What are you doing down here? You usually stick to the viewing areas.”

George shrugs, pressing himself up against Dream’s shoulder, trying to get a peek at whatever Dream had been looking at just moments ago, “I don’t know,” he says, trying to sound nonchalant, “just felt like coming down here today. And you aren’t scheduled for a race tonight, what are *you* doing down here?”

Dream shrugs too, “Watching from down here is nice, it’s familiar.”

George gets it. Something about the stuffy, hot air of the drivers bay will always feel oddly comforting. Much like the high ceilings of The Outlet will always feel a little too much like home, or like how Bad’s hugs will forever feel worryingly nostalgic.

“I haven’t seen you race in a while,” George pipes up after a moment of silence, “I miss seeing your car out on the tracks.”

Dream raises an eyebrow at him, “Oh yeah?” something unknown simmers behind his eyes.

“I have a little idea that could change that,”

It's George's turn to raise an eyebrow.

Dream lets out a quiet laugh, "and I think you might like it."

...

George slowly pulls up towards the start line. He hasn't been in this position in a very long time.

Hands on the steering wheel, foot on the pedal, fire behind his eyes. It's exhilarating, overwhelming almost, the way the feeling is so familiar in his gut, that same need to win, that need for speed.

Rubber burns, engines rev, the bright lights of the finish line ahead taunt him.

A rumble comes from beside him and he quickly flickers his gaze over to the car that parks itself to his right.

A matte black Ferrari 488.

Dream's wild grin comes into view, the fluorescent green lights of his dashboard illuminating his features. It's odd to see him like this, in his element. It's even odder to know that that competitive glint in his eye is all for *him*.

He can't help the way his lips curve into a sly grin as Dream sends him a quick two-finger salute, almost as though he were mocking him.

Years away from the track have left George feeling vengeful, a pulsing need to conquer the roads once more, just as he always did back then. Dream seems to catch onto the way George's cheeks have grown pink with adrenaline, his smile only growing wider by the second.

Dream tilts his head to the side in a cocky manor, euphoria pumping through his veins already, the race not even having started yet. They stare at each other for a moment, the hologram above beginning its countdown.

"I'm going to win!" George's voice is barely audible above the cheering and engines, but Dream still hears him loud and clear.

He shines in a way that George has never seen before.

"I know you can!"

Chapter End Notes

wow... WOW..... this is really it, huh? what have been your thoughts?
i'd just like to thank everyone who's taken the time to read this fic,,, whether you've been here from the very beginning or if you're here months after the fics been completed, i am so grateful that you decided to give my work a chance:) thank you for joining me on my journey of falling back in love with writing, and i hope you stick around to see any of my future works!! and even if you don't, i hope reading down was worth your while:) i love you all so very much and once again, thank you<3
- pau (tw: [yourwishlistt](#))

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